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TEN CENTS A COPY

Culture and Agriculture, by Charles A. Beard, on page 272

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Being Ourselves

IF authors would only try to write like themselves! The old phrase often rises to mind when one is immersed in the muddle of current fiction. But is it easy to write "like oneself"? It seems to us one of the hardest things in the world. In the first place the definition of what you mean by "writing like yourself" cannot be narrow. There is a slang expression of the day, "Be yourself!" It is a characteristic American phrase for "Away with buncombe and hypocrisy. You are saying one thing to me and you are really thinking and feeling others. You are in the grip of a half-baked theory. Snap out of it! What do you really feel and think? That is what I want to know." Often, however, in these kaleidoscopic days of life in great cities (where they no longer burn much gas except for cooking) the phrase is loosely used to mean "Cut loose from all those inhibitions of yours! Take the lid off! Get down to the primitive!" In a sense, we suppose, if all people suddenly descended to acting like savages or mere animals they would be "being themselves" with a vengeance; for, as is well known, the primitive is usually, with most people, not so far below the surface as it seems.

* * *

Civilization, however, with all its crimes upon its head, has evolved for society a working basis, a network of conventions and laws that enable us all to get along together with a certain amount of amity and live according to our own predilections without interfering too much with the other fellow. Mankind has been accustomed to this necessary bondage for so long that mankind is being itself quite as much in its second-nature acceptance of the working-basis as it is in the occasional upheaval of the social wrongs and injustices that laws and conventions will always breed. And a writer does not, necessarily, have to present life in the raw and human nature at its most barbaric, in order to "write like himself." That is obvious. The injunction should be, rather, to write always out of one's actual chief interest, in terms even more characteristic of the individual than his gestures, his mannerisms of speech. The main trouble with writing of the day is that too much of it is done to serve this or that ulterior motive, the chief motive usually being the making of money. Some writers are fortunate enough to be able to make money simply by writing exactly what they wish to write in their own way. But a large class of writers are to-day given over to "studying the market," concocting a product that does not represent them at all but that has to it a shrewd salabiliy. We are not saying that we do not understand their problem if they are determined to earn their livings by their typewriters, and some of them may learn as they go along and develop their gifts in a way that enables them to break free from time-serving and actually begin to create out of themselves. This happens not infrequently. And even in writing-to-formula a high level of craftsmanship is often attained. But the general run of the material turned out is without validity, because it was not fashioned in response to the dictates of the author's most burning interest. Great writing "has to be," it itches in the breast of the writer until his bosom must be purged of the perilous stuff.

The reply to that is usually that the poets, for instance, who used to sit and wait for inspiration, as they then called it, were but rarely visited by the genuine spirit of delight. But we are not advocating laziness. One does not become a violinist by never touching a violin. One must exert effort in the pursuit of any art, profit by mistakes, be continually learning. The great thing is to find and cleave to what one honestly believes best expresses a definite inner urge. It may take the form of a bitterly realistic story, of comic light verse, of an essay on thimbles. If that seems absurd, we can only say that literature is a house of many mansions. The desire to write nonsense verse is quite as authentic as the desire to compose an epic. Only, even in the most frivolous forms of literature, the frivolity conveyed must actually be part and parcel of the human temperament conveying it.

There is another aspect to this argument. Often when we say, "Why doesn't Jones write like him-

(*Continued on page 271*)

Il Ne Rest Que Vos Photos

By ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

SINCE
And the snow since
And I have not heard
Leaf at the pane all winter
Nor a bird's wing beating as that was—

I have not dreamed
Not once
Not all this year
Your face again

Since I have never wakened but that smell
Of wet pine bark was in the room. . . .

This Week

"Three Books on Dickens."
Reviewed by *J. Ranken Towse*

"Trivial Breath."
Reviewed by *Anna H. Branch.*

"Strange Bedfellows."
Reviewed by *John Palmer Gavit.*

"Abraham Lincoln."
Reviewed by *Ellis P. Oberholtzer.*

"Some Books on Mexico."
Reviewed by *Ernest Gruening.*

"Prelude to a Rope for Myer" and "Quarrelling With Lois."
Reviewed by *William Rose Benét.*

"Abandoned Husbands."
By *Christopher Morley.*

"Pedestrian Papers."
Reviewed by *Arthur Colton.*

"Englishmen, Frenchmen, Spaniards."
Reviewed by *H. D. Hill.*

Next Week, or Later

"Orlando."
Reviewed by *Henry Seidel Canby.*

Charles Dickens, Genius*

By J. RANKEN TOWSE

NOW that the bones of Charles Dickens have lain for half a century in Westminster Abbey the time would seem to have been fulfilled when his temperamental peculiarities, his weaknesses, or eccentricities, might be forgotten and only his works remembered. He was a great genius and exceedingly human. But there is no cause for suspecting that there is anything, as yet unrevealed, in his public or private life that might prove a scandalous tid-bit for the jealous detractors of the illustrious dead.

The three books noted below help to swell the growing mass of printed matter relating to his life, genius, and character, but really offer nothing—or, at any rate, very little—that is at once new, true, and valuable. It would be tolerably safe to say that they add nothing to what, from one source or another, was not perfectly well known before to most intelligent readers. The bulky, sympathetic, comprehensive, but intensely egotistical and not wholly ingenuous life by John Forster (reproduced in this edition in unaltered shape) is, and doubtless will continue to be, the chief standard authority on the subject, so far as the record of actual facts is concerned, notwithstanding its widely recognized glosses, reticencies, and occasional errors. The name of other less voluminous writers, who have contributed their quota of minor anecdote, criticism, gossip, praise, or defamation, is legion. Of the accumulated product a relatively small proportion, founded upon personal acquaintance, correspondence, or genuine observation, has been interesting and illuminative, but the greater part of it has been trivial, untrustworthy, insignficant and negligible.

Of the books under present consideration the first is indispensable, the second welcome, and the third deplorable. The intrinsic value of Forster's meticulous biography is infinitely increased by the supplementary notes of that eminent Dickensian, J. W. T. Ley, who deals frankly, fully, and logically with various unpleasant or disagreeable truths, long ago notorious, but none of them of vital consequence, which Forster from obvious, but wholly fallacious motives, chose to ignore or pervert. Mr. Ley not only completes a most valuable record by filling its hiatuses, but does not hesitate to take the self-conscious biographer soundly to task for his evident, but possibly inadvertent, misrepresentations. And he has been careful to arrange his notes in such a manner, at the end of each chapter, that they can be read easily and collectively. They cover nearly every conceivable point and practically are a concise summary of all that is worth noting in the superabundant flood of contributory Dickensian literature. Even the briefest reference now to stale and insignificant matter would entail inexcusable waste of time and space. The main charges affecting the personal character of Dickens (as referred to in these volumes) rest upon his domestic troubles, his caricatures of personal friends and closest relatives, his alleged money greed as manifested in his deal-

THE LIFE OF CHARLES DICKENS. By JOHN FORSTER. Annotated by J. W. T. LEY. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company. 1928.

CHARLES DICKENS: A Biography from New Sources. By RALPH STRAUSS. New York: Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. 1928. $4.

THIS SIDE IDOLATRY. By C. E. BECHHOFER-ROBERTS (Ephesian). Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1928. $2.50.

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ings with his publishers, and his indisputable exaggerations. Let them be taken in order.

Mr. Ley, the most sagacious and best-informed of the present commentators, is a kindly, but no bigoted or prevaricating apologist. He judges by circumstance, distinguishes between the creator and the man, and makes no attempt to establish his subject as a paragon, exempt from all the temperamental defects from which no human being is entirely free. He takes into account, as is only reasonable, the effect which the trials and humiliations of early youth must have exercised upon a disposition singularly sensitive, aspiring, energetic, and imaginative. The associations of the blacking shop could scarcely have been conducive to the acquirement of social polish. In the physical charm and superficial graces of Maria Beadnell the discontented, dreaming lad found his first feminine ideal. To him she seemed a creature of that higher sphere to which he hoped to climb. If it was only "puppy love" with which he was stricken, there can be no doubt of its blind fervor or perfect sincerity while it lasted. Time, and distraction, brought disillusionment and cure. He was heart-whole when fate threw him into the society of the three Hogarth sisters. With them he tasted the delights of a domestic felicity such as he had never known. Boyish in spirit, as he was almost to the end, he was most attracted by the youngest, Mary, but he wished to marry and she was still only a child. Remembering the profound grief expressed by him at her premature death one can only wonder what kind of wife for him she would have proved, if the Dora of "David Copperfield" was really her idealized duplicate. As it happened, the choice for him lay between Georgina and Catherine, and in selecting the latter for his life partner, there can be little doubt that he made, for both of them, an unhappy mistake.

* * *

Who was to blame for the slowly widening breach between them that resulted in the final separation? Mr. Ley restates all the known facts connected with the episode without being able to add much to the stock of common knowledge. The out- [illegible] that for many years the pair lived [illegible] neither side was there any [illegible], although Mrs. Dickens may have resented the dominance of her sister, Georgina, in her household. That she was a dutiful wife and Dickens an indefatigable worker and generous provider is generally admitted. That she was somewhat lax in the control of her many children, if true, is not particularly wonderful. She appears to have belonged to a common type of tender, attractive, impressionable and dependent womanhood, without any special force or brilliancy of character. Possibly she was never in complete symapthy with her environment and, not improbably, paid the penalty of her own fertility. What is more easily conceivable than the possibility that her affection, admiration, and patience at length yielded before the pettier, but most aggravating annoyances of daily life,—the inevitable friction arising from the perpetual contact of differing temperaments and habits? A good, gracious, affectionate, but not extraordinarily gifted woman, she was linked with a great genius, a man of fervid, inflammable disposition, at once romantic, sentimental, and intensely practical, genial, vividly and often somewhat robustly humorous, sturdy and impulsive in his friendships, essentially virile and yet strangely feminine in his susceptibilities, restless in his ceaseless quest after new ideas and varied excitement, keenly alive to human foibles and weaknesses and, perhaps, not too mindful of his own. That there were faults on both sides is at least likely. A fundamental but unsuspected incompatibility is a familiar cause of matrimonial disaster. This seems to be practically the view of Mr. Ley.

* * *

In the light of all certain fact the justification for holding Dickens altogether, or chiefly, to blame is surely of the slightest. It is not the first, or the last time, that a hopeful marriage has ended unhappily. The charge that he lampooned some of his nearest kin and intimates has a somewhat more substantial foundation. It can scarcely be successfully refuted in the case of Leigh Hunt, generally recognized as the original of Harold Skimpole. But the onus of it lies in the ascription to him of a shameless and disgraceful immorality. (One is reminded here of Hunt's "Life of Byron" and the pungent lines which Jerrold printed in *Punch* about it.) That was cruel, if not inexcusable. The only proffered mitigation is that Hunt himself did not recognize the portrait. A similar objection cannot be raised against other acknowledged caricatures or parodies. The suggestion, indeed, has been made that Dickens had his father in mind in modelling the abominable Pecksniff, but there is no creditable support for it. That he was a conspicuous pattern of filial devotion no one asserts. He made no secret of his conviction that he suffered greatly from parental indifference or neglect. He resented bitterly his mother's objection to his removal from the blacking factory. This was natural, but, as Mr. Ley points out, not entirely reasonable. As a child he failed to realize what six shillings a week meant to the destitute mother of a family. In his prosperity he was not niggardly in his relations with either parent. Actually, in hard fact, he was not very deeply indebted to either of them. John Dickens, according to general testimony, was sociable, grandiloquent, sanguine, speculative, and inefficient. That he supplied the groundwork for the lovable Micawber is universally admitted, but surely there is nothing in the transformation indicative of revenge or malice. If Mrs. Dickens sat unconsciously for the fantastic sketch of Mrs. Nickleby, she was at least represented as fond if incredibly foolish. Walter Savage Landor, again, has not much cause for grievance in his reincarnation as the stalwart, explosive, hasty, and magnanimous Boythorne. As for poor Maria Beadnell, his early idol, she could not have greatly relished, if she ever recognized it, her disenchanting portrait as the plump, faded, silly, and flirtatious Flora Finching. But the execution of it reflects more signs of complete and somewhat melancholy disillusionment, veracious observation, and of slightly contemptuous sympathy, than ill-feeling. Dickens had abundant precedent for the use of living originals as the bases of fictitious characters. But his tyrannous sense of humor sometimes prevailed over all the restraining influences of innate delicacy and refinement.

* * *

The charges of money greed rest mainly upon his dealings with his publishers. Mr. Ley discusses them fearlessly and with common sense. He admits freely [illegible] their part had undertaken it at a very considerable financial risk. Neither they, nor he, had any prevision of the phenomenal success achieved by the Boz sketches and "Pickwick." There could not be, nor can be, any question as to whom the resultant profits lawfully belonged. On the other hand, there was some extenuation for the young author's discontent and arbitrary action. He had been involved in a long, heart-breaking, and almost hopeless struggle, was in desperate need of money, intoxicated with triumph, and tortured by the thought that his own share in the harvest was so small. His conduct was illogical and indefensible, but not, in the circumstances, altogether unpardonable. Nor does it prove that he was intrinsically usurious. It need not be pretended that he was not, as other men, perhaps even a little more than most, fully aware of the value of money. He had felt the sharp pinch of poverty, and had learned, as was proved afterwards in the matter of his public readings, how to make a good business bargain. But he abode faithfully by his later contracts, and, in the end, shortened his life by overwork in the fulfilment of them. He spent his money freely when he had it, and brought wealth to others as well as himself.

If the authoritative notes of Mr. Ley, for obvious reasons, have prompted the greater part of what thus far has been written, it is because they practically cover all the combined material of the other volumes under review. Neither of these is of any actual importance, having no hitherto unknown fact to reveal, but they differ so profoundly in character and quality as to demand some kind of individual notice. Ralph Strauss has compiled a biography, which—even if it does not richly fulfil its implied promise of notable contributions from new sources—will be agreeable to all Dickensians, and especially valuable to young and less well-informed readers, because it is concise, complete in all essential detail, and written with warm intellectual sympathy and nice discrimination. Here is a work appreciative and discerning, neither ecstatic nor rancorous, which helps to a fair appraisement of man and author. Vastly different and in every respect inferior is the "This Side Idolatry" of C. E. Bechhofer-Roberts. This, to be sure, is published as fiction, being described as a novel based upon the life of Charles Dickens, but few intelligent readers—if there should be any—will be disposed to regard the fact as a satisfactory excuse for it. The clear, if futile, endeavor to give to fiction the validity of truth is both ludicrous and contemptible. In the current cackle of the penny-a-liner the book might be said to be "smartly" written, but whatever may have been the underlying motive—whether self-conceit, envy, a craving for notoriety, or what not—the main achievement of it is the representation of the hero, in speech, action, and often in thought, as a selfish, blustering, coarsely humorous, impressionable, but heartless vulgarian, without a suggestion of genius, except in the unavoidable occasional references to his actual accomplishments. The incompetence of the whole production doubtless makes it comparatively harmless, but does not prevent it from being libelous in spirit if not in law. The puerility of the dialogue put into the mouth of Dickens, which, of course, is entirely fictitious, is sufficient proof of the poverty of the author's literary conception. In his delineation of other personages introduced he is not much more successful or trustworthy. Reading his pages, one is reminded of the frog and the ox in Æsop's fable and hesitates to decide whether impudence or impotence is their dominant characteristic.

* * *

Of what avail is it now, or of what consequence, to hold an inquest upon the domestic or social virtues and foibles of Charles Dickens, one of the richest creators in the realm of British fiction? What matters except the works that are his immortal monument? In his contemporary world he was pretty widely known and gossip about him was constant in the mouths of the multitude. His popularity was great. His character was affected by no scandalous whispers. He was commonly credited with a genial and democratic good fellowship, with being what we call today a "good mixer." He was never one of the curled darlings of society. No one familiar with his writings could ever have thought of him as an aristocrat. His presence, manner, and attire proclaimed him an active, capable, and self assured man of the middle class. Nothing about him, [illegible] the head and eye, suggested any phenomenal [illegible]y. The present writer, when a young man, [illegible]im several times in London streets and mar[illegible]l at the "flashiness" of his dress, his many colored waistcoat, his velvet collar, his gold chains, his somewhat swaggering gait, and his generally theatrical air. Once he heard him read "The Trial," from Pickwick and was amazed to find how, in that particular scene at any rate, his conception of Sam Weller differed from that commonly accepted and yet how richly humorous he made it. Instead of being Puckishly alert, brisk in retort, with a terrier-like vivacity, this Sam was somewhat stolid and unemotional, utterly unaware of the mischievous acuteness of the replies so damaging to the cause of Messrs. Dodson & Fogg. His immobility lent some color to Sergeant Buzfuz's attribute of "impenetrable stupidity." Like Falstaff Sam, doubtless, acted upon instinct. And with what wonderful resourcefulness and versatility, did Dickens embody and vitalize the whole scene! What a comedian (fortunately) was lost in him! It would, probably, be difficult to exaggerate the effect that his long theatrical affiliations had upon both his manner and his conception. He was saturated in his most impressionable period with the atmosphere of his contemporary theatre, which was almost wholly devoted to uproarious farce, extravagant, lurid, old-time melodrama, incredible romance, or domestic plays of profuse and saccharine sentimentality. And his imtimates, largely, were club-men, artists, pen-men and players. With the world of fashion, male or female, he had comparatively little to do. Essentially he was a man's man—hearty, kindly, generous, sociable, democratic, impulsively frank and positive, but not notable for superficial graces. Unless greatly belied, he could, when irritated, be overbearing and rude. Briefly he, personally, was the product of his environment. In all his works he never succeeded in drawing a life-like portrait of a highly cultivated man or woman. His aristocrats were the traditional figures of his contemporary stage. So much is obvious to any discerning reader. But how much does that fact detract from a genius which dealt chiefly, not with the thin surface of so-called "society," but with the vast bulk of the work-a-day world, in all its ramifications, into which it delved with such marvelous insight, comprehensive knowledge, and unrivalled descriptive powers? In that respect Dickens's vision was comparable with that of Shakespeare himself. Of

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course he had his occasional lapses and extravagances, being human, but what do these weigh against the overwhelming mass of his numberless creations—for which there is now no room for more than general allusion—so glowing with vitality, so charged with humor, passion, pathos, virtue, vice, or natural nobility? Of what earthly interest, or value is it now to know whether he or his wife was most to blame in a domestic disagreement? What insolence, what ineffable stupidity, to try to belittle a genius that is, perhaps, the chief fictional glory of its literary era!

Fiery Essences

TRIVIAL BREATH. By ELINOR WYLIE. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by ANNA HEMPSTEAD BRANCH
Author of "Nimrod," etc.

IT is a very great pleasure indeed, to be able to record in this review a sincere admiration of Elinor Wylie's new book, "Trivial Breath."

Her music, practically unfailing, ranges from the gossamer delicacy of "Desolation is a Delicate Thing" to the hard athletic vigor of "The Innocents" and "Minotaur." With all her lightness, gaiety, and elegance of diction, her often worldly, and often-sophisticated accent, such as we find in a wholly delightful poem "Miranda's Supper," she is also capable of rugged energy and the abrupt vigorous intonation of an old Puritan hymn.

Her thought runs rather apart from the current mood of the day. She gives us, from her heart, sensitive and lovely and loving portrayals of the perceptions of a fine intellect. Elinor Wylie seems to be instinctively reserved in regard to revelations of emotions as such and we think there is something fine and proud in her unwillingness to be betrayed into an expression of "feelings" unless "feelings" are absolutely necessary. Whatever the subject may be, there is no doubt that these poems spring from high clear sources of intellect and emotion.

After all, it makes very little difference whether poetry is hard or soft, cold or hot, emotional or intellectual, as long as it is poetry. If it is poetry, real poetry, there is just one thing to do and that is, to be grateful to the gods—and in this book there is so much real poetry!

Elinor Wylie's verse is polished. Courtly, well groomed, finished—but beneath the larger movement of her poetry as a whole is a fine pulsation of high blooded life like the rippling movement under the skin of a spirited horse. Her verse is essentially well-bred—I mean by this that her values are not episodic, but are constant and a quality of being. Within the elegance there often burns a white-hot intensity of spirit, within the light movement is seriousness, and behind the finish is an actual beauty of contour delightful to all lovers of shape. There is no mistaking the vitality of that fine poem called "The Innocents" or the volcanic energy of a poem with a few fierce splendid stanzas called "Minotaur."

> From flesh refined to glass
> A god goes desert-ward
> Upon a spotted pard
> Between an ox and ass.

This poem with its abrupt definite impact is a veritable arrow head of song—its brazen wedge carved with the head of the esoteric bull.

One must be prepared in Elinor Wylie's poetry to meet and to enjoy a certain temperamental gaiety and occasional bursts of high spirits.

In "Malediction Upon Myself" it is evident that the author is enjoying herself intensely. This poem, which celebrates the excellence of Holy Beauty, wherever and however unexpectedly beauty may occur, and which defines the curse which falls upon one who denies the Holiness, is ornately served, but far more appalling than any similar malediction ever uttered by Jonathan Edwards in whose school of theology Elinor Wylie certainly seems versed. Her satisfaction in the awful results which she calls down upon traitors to loveliness is not more artistic than is Jonathan Edward's more austere enjoyment of his own description of a spider suspended by a thread over red hot coals. After all, something very like all this does really happen—in time—to the betrayers of beauty.

> Till the true Heaven never more descends
> In delicate pulses to my finger ends
> Or flutters like a feather at my heel—
> Bind blindness on my forehead—
> Let me dismember me in sacred wrath
> And scatter me in pieces for a path
> On which the step of him I have denied
> Descends in silver to his proper bride.

This is "sound doctrine" although somewhat flippantly uttered by a lighter-minded sister of the celebrated divine.

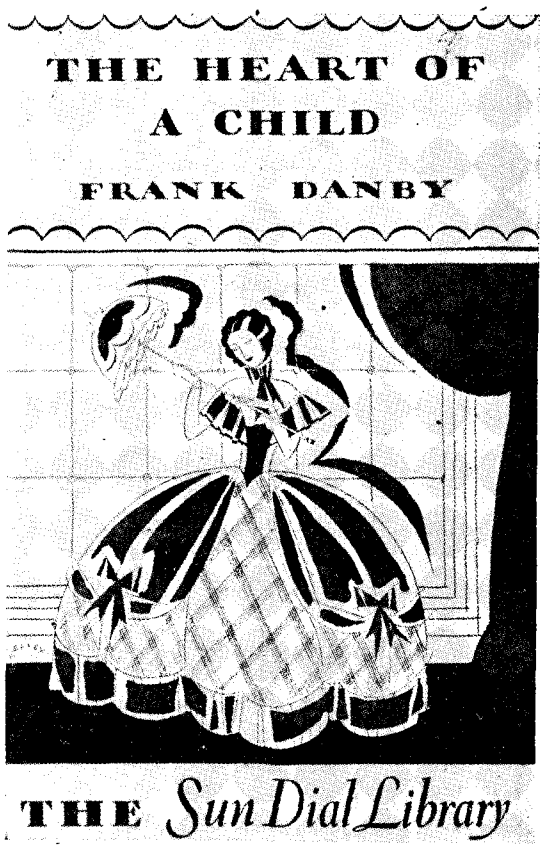
"Address to My Soul" is a reticent, but very real contribution to philosophic reflection upon the spirit. It reminds one of Virgil's "Animula vagula" and has in it a fresher vision than many a poem that says more in a more imitative manner.

"To a Book" is an extraordinary achievement. It reveals that lightness of touch and gaiety of spirit which Elinor Wylie carries with her into the world of pure thought and is destined to last because it is the perfect expression of the well-night inexpressible—a perfection which unlike that in "True Vine" is not likely to tarnish. This poem is one of the poet's best, for it shows her fine gift for revealing the inner luminous life of abstract ideas, their fiery essences, their living energies.

"Dedication" is a singularly beautiful poem on an exquisite subject—a child learning to read.

> Profuse and fabulous appeared the page
> On which your youngest lessons were emblazoned,
> Enchantments that unlock a crystal cage
> An alphabet with astral fires seasoned.

That is a classic statement in regard to one of the great events of childhood. In fact the lines describe one of the most profound reactions the spirit knows,



Jacket design for one of the volumes in the new Sun Dial Library (Doubleday, Doran).

its reactions to literature—which is one of the manifestations of life itself and just as much an act of nature as a waterfall or a forest. This remarkable poem will live as long as children learn to read and mothers watch them. "True Vine" is a piece of mature wisdom gravely and exquisitely sung and "Last Supper," has the same fine sensitiveness and self restraint:

> So short a time remains to taste
> The ivory pulp, the seven pips.
> My heart is happy without haste
> With revelation at its lips.
>
> So calm a beauty shapes the core,
> So grave a blossom frames the stem.
> In this last minute and no more
> My eyes alone shall eat of them.

This poem with its high-minded perception of the dignity of abstinence, the finer colors, the subtler flavors of relinquishment, reminds one of the hero of one of Vernon Lee's essays—"the things he abstained from were all exquisite."

Edgar Wallace, the mystery story writer and author of phenomenally successful "Crook-dramas" which have preëmpted the London stage, is now assured a hearty welcome to the New United States, which he is visiting.

A Book of De-bunking

STRANGE BEDFELLOWS. By SILAS BENT. New York: Horace Liveright. 1928. $3.

Reviewed by JOHN PALMER GAVIT

IN "Ballyhoo" Mr. Bent did a service to the thoughtful and conscientious folk of the newspaper business—profession, if you insist, though I think that by the abdication of which he accuses it, it has largely lost title to that distinguished appellation. All my life in and of and roundabout that business, I speak its language, understand to some extent its psychology; I have seen and realize its limitations, its immense progress and improvement in some vital respects and its deplorable deterioration in others even more vital. I realize, too, that some things seeming to me deterioration may really be improvement, and vice versa. From the point of view of the elderly, the world is always going to the dogs, especially in the fields of their own interest and former activity. All such allowances made, however, there can be no doubt that Mr. Bent, himself a newspaper man of more than twenty-five years' notably diverse experience, performed in "Ballyhoo" a dissection and analysis of the "noble Fourth Estate" as it functions in the United States, essentially true and just, erring if at all on the side of understatement.

In "Strange Bedfellows" Mr. Bent has produced a logical companion-volume, dealing again in part with contemporary American journalism, but carrying the dissection further, into the kindred and scarcely separable domains of politics and business and the intermediate twilight zones—together the warp and woof of American public life.

This book is a series of essays most of which have appeared in substance in well-known magazines of various character, from *Harpers* to the *Nation;* divided into three parts relating respectively to politics and politicians, to the press, and to "the Almighty Dollar." Characteristic and characterizing illustrations by de Zayas portray (if somewhat cuttingly) the outstanding figures of Hoover, Smith, Mellon, Dawes, and Hearst. It is enlightening reading for any American citizen; especially fo such—and that means the majority of us—as in agine human nature to contain only whites an blacks; our public men to be either saints or devils our institutions, laws, and customs altogether goo or altogether bad. With a sure and discriminating hand, a touch usually light and sketching but adequate, with now and then a devastating smash, Mr. Bent makes human portraits, affords estimates self-evidently just, of real personalities, real forces actually operating. His service is essentially that of a "de-bunker"; which is not at all the same as calling him an iconoclast. Mostly his pictures are friendly, on the whole sympathetic, however injurious to the vanity of those who would like to be regarded as impeccable supermen.

Again he is at his best in dealing with our press, as "International Window-Smashers," as appealing to low tastes and ignorance or the inane and hypocritical respectabilities of the *bourgeoisie*. To the latter day "jazzing" of the formerly dull, ponderous Associated Press, prodded into vaudeville by its juvenile and less conscientious competitors, he devotes a chapter worthy of study by those responsible for the policy and output of tha t organization, prophesying as he does its ultimate return to saner self-control.

To the deification of "Prosperity" and Big Business operating through political machinery and legislation, Mr. Bent devotes the last section of his book. His earlier remark about Al Smith is apt right here:

> I am persuaded that Alfred E. Smith, despite his attractive personality and high standards, could not have achieved his present eminence were it not for his mastery of the intricacies of Big Business. He demonstrated this mastery so clearly as Governor that he drew into his camp thousands of well-to-do Republicans, who recognized in him an executive superior to any in their own party.

"The dollar is our Almighty. Prosperity is considered a kind of morality," Mr. Bent observes, and his whole volume is disclosure of and commentary upon our incarnation of that text. It is most revealing, reminding, and disturbing alike, to those who do not know its truth, to those who know but forget, to those who know but do not care because at least for the time being their bread is butter-side-up. I know of no better illumination of the current paganizing of American life. Every American, especially every hundred-per-cent worshipper of this Best-of-All-Possibles, ought "in such wise to hear, read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest."

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Epitome of the People

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: 1809-1858. By ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1928. 2 vols. $12.50.

Reviewed by ELLIS PAXSON OBERHOLTZER

SENATOR BEVERIDGE'S name came to be known through his exercise of talents which were forensic, often, if not usually, displayed on a mere surface of learning. It is sufficiently remarkable that, by inclination and through discipline, he later succeeded in making himself a truly important historian. His "Lincoln," unfinished as it is, following his distinguished "Life of Marshall," confirms us in the judgment that he merits a high position among American biographical and historical writers.

It is lamentable that he could not have given final revision to these two volumes, that he could not have been spared to carry the story of the life of the great American, for whom he had so much sympathy and understanding, through the war and to that night in Ford's Theatre when the era, of which he writes, came to its dramatic end. But we can be grateful that it is a record, complete as it stands, for the "Prairie Years," up to and including the "Great Debates."

The first chapters are dedicated to Lincoln's first years—as a lad, moving about from Kentucky to Indiana and to Illinois, and his young manhood. While Sandburg's method may be termed poetic or imaginative in that, with him, style overflows fact, Beveridge's is historical in the right sense. He has neglected no source and names it at the foot of each page. He weighs the evidence, after assembling it from the greatest variety of directions, with every attention to minutiæ. With a tireless love of his subject he unfolds the story without loss, or danger of loss, of interest on the part of any reader with the least claim to gravity of mind. He coördinates all his material and gives it clear statement, and graphic and entertaining exposition. However well informed one may account himself to be on the subject of Lincoln he will come through a reading of Beveridge's work with a sense of seeing the man, and of comprehending the times in which he lived, in a new and better way.

* * *

In quest of a fresh outlook the author has turned to informants, some will possibly think, none too valuable. It was fairly supposed that every essential fact about Lincoln had been presented to us in Nicolay and Hay's great work. Then came the strange books of Herndon, an old law partner, who gave us, without literary form, a mass of hearsay and reminiscence, which he, and a collaborator, had gathered from every side. Moved by valid interest in their enterprise, or else hoping to be seen in Lincoln's vast shadow, they proved their diligence as antiquaries. Many were pained by the revelations, especially as they were given out under a masque of friendship. To Robert Lincoln the publication was so unwelcome that he set about the purchase and destruction of as many copies of the books as he could lay hold of. With a proper feeling he believed that the "certain facts" and the "ghastly exposures," as Herndon called them, should have been "consigned to the tomb," and that they were in no way, as Herndon said in his own defense, "indispensable to a full knowledge of Mr. Lincoln in all the walks of life."

Time, the industry of writers who have taken Lincoln as a theme, insatiable curiosity as to the most inconsequent item of information concerning him, which leads to a score or more of new titles from the publishing houses annually in all the languages of the earth, have no doubt altered the public view, and have justified much that was earlier deemed unjustifiable. Stanton prophetically said as he stood by Lincoln's dying bed, and life had gone—"Now he belongs to the ages." Our heroes pass from the hands of loving sons and daughters and become a common possession. But it is never to be forgotten that the historian still has his master, who is always and only—Truth.

We may then be critical while praising. Lincoln on his way upward left his old associates behind him. They had what may be called "village minds." In the Herndon store there remained matter which the collectors had not had the skill, or inclination, to use in their own writings and Senator Beveridge thought it worthy of his examination, though much of it emanated from men and women of the most ignorant classes, who really possessed little, and often only pretended to, knowledge of the man of whom they spoke. Is it not rather like "blurb," when this material is called "the most valuable Lincolniana in existence?"

We learn, for example, that Lincoln's mother was a natural child of unknown paternity; that he had many relations born out of wedlock (one of Beveridge's sources names six in one family); that his father was an old loafer, unbelievably worthless; that the family lived in poverty and squalor unheard of in the annals of all the men who ever gave us accounts of themselves in the Congressional Directory; that the boy's associates were ruffians and vagabonds; that he was ugly in person, grotesque in his dress, uncouth in manners and speech; that he slept in a flannel undershirt; that he was fond of corn cakes which he could devour as fast as two women could make them; that he fell in love with country girls, as awkwardly, perhaps, as he fell into water and got out again, and married "above him" to improve his position in politics, saying, as he went to the wedding—to one that he was going to the slaughter—to another that he was going to hell, he guessed; that his wife, who was a "she wolf," drove him out of the house with a broom stick, and that, after her tourneys with the one poor slavey of a servant whom they had in their little wooden house in Springfield, she said that she would never again live "outside of a slave state"; that he was a prey to despondent moods which at times reached complete madness, and again told obscene stories, one upon another, at which he shook with immoderate laughter, and so on.

* * *

It is "interesting" to have the recollection of an old woman that Lincoln was "a long, thin, leggy, gawky boy, dried up and shrivelled," but it is principally so, one may surmise, because this is a vivid picture calculated to lower a great historical figure in public sight. The entire body of the Herndon-Weik MS is composed of such racy testimony about a man who was once as poor as, if not lower in social rank than, those who were called upon for it. Like their kind they were ready to deprecate the rise of a fellow. They were pleased to pursue him and to attach to his name stories about the small movements of his youth. The principle which Lincoln endeavored to live by, and which he expressed in a passage from the Gospel according to St. Matthew,—"Judge not that ye be not judged," was but little observed by the inhabitants of our Western frontier, among whom he made his difficult way to man's estate. There is new proof, if any were needed, of this.

Lincoln, it is well remembered, once described his early life, when he was asked about it, as "the short and simple annals of the poor," and one can wonder whether, with a little expansion, these words of Thomas Gray in the "Elegy," might not serve the uses of biography and history better than the wealth of half truth and half fable, impossible of corroboration, which is now at our hand as a result of the long delving and burrowing in so doubtful a field by so many writers, whose interest has turned their pens to the romantic life of the great Emancipator.

Senator Beveridge himself saw this matter through the present reviewer's eyes. He says near the end of the first volume (it contains in all 607 pages)—

> We are now within the period when accounts of Lincoln are given by men of trained minds . . . . who were with him much of the time and who made their statements not many years after the happening of the incidents they relate. Their testimony is, therefore, more trustworthy than the recollections on which we have [hitherto] had to rely of very old persons concerning things that took place before the narration of them, and obviously colored by the desire to be associated with Lincoln's fame.

Time and again in the volumes there are allusions to the "complexity" of Lincoln's personality, and to the "mystery" of his character. To all who knew him his "irruptions of humor were as incomprehensible as his long and abysmal periods of despair." From 1849 to the end Lincoln's "sadness," Senator Beveridge concludes, was "so profound that the depths of it cannot be sounded or estimated by normal minds." Perhaps, says the biographer, "no one ever understood him or ever will understand him."

Of Lincoln's political life Mr. Beveridge evidences complete mastery. It was as a "politician," using his gifts in the interest of a great cause, that Lincoln performed his vast and incomparable service to the nation. No abolitionist, or moralist, seeing only the end, without a patient attention to the means, was the country's need at its sorest hour. The emergency called for one who could learn as the people learned, who would move forward surely only as they, and the events in which they were taking a hand, moved him forward. Lincoln was such a man. He was theirs and they were his—

> One of the people! Born to be
> Their curious epitome.

The "strange mingling of caution, secretiveness, and craft which confounded his opponents and puzzled his friends," Senator Beveridge sets before us. We hear of "that cleverness and caution which distinguished his every public manoeuvre"; again that he was "secretive, reserved, infinitely cautious." The "game of politics from the first he played incessantly and joyously." He was "a natural politician."

* * *

For Lincoln's opportunity, and the nation's final victory over itself through him, we may thank Stephen Douglas, who had become an arrogant national figure, truly a Goliath spoiling for a David. This leader had a multitude of admirers; others followed him because he stood on middle ground which, for the moment at any rate, promised escape from sectional conflict. He also had a rising host of foes who disliked his overweening airs, and looked upon his "squatter sovereignty" as an immorality as well as a fraud. Lincoln, with the great talent that was in himself trained in controversial oratory on the "circuit," supported by the reading of books and papers on public affairs and by a phenomenal memory, which enabled him to hold what came into his mind, dared assail this popular idol. The battle ground was in the state of Illinois which Douglas wished to return him to the United States Senate, where, in the nation's sight, his fame had been won. It was through the debates, which Mr. Beveridge so competently summarizes and elucidates, that Lincoln made his way to an eminence where he, like Douglas, could be seen by all men. There the story ends. Death stilled the writer's hand.

The remark of Thomas Lincoln, when he saw his son reading books, that "Abe" was "filling hisself with eddication," adding, to prove the point which he wished to establish, "Now, I hain't got no eddication, but I get along far better than if I had," may or may not be capable of authentication. But it was such homely wisdom, founded on a contemplation of the rise of some of our public men, which, in the halcyon days of the republic, kept many a boy from the schools and colleges. Our American masses misread and lost the lesson of Lincoln's life. He was a child of destiny, but it can be remembered, and this newest of his biographies serves to impress it more deeply upon the mind, that he toiled and grew by work. By this road he passed from earthy places to the heights, and on to his immortality.

"Mr. Hoover's statement that there is no unemployment in this country is refuted by the fact that 356 of the books published the last ten days are first novels," says Harry Hansen, Literary Editor of the New York *World*. "We have promised to read every one of them before Christmas, because we have been assured by the publishers that each is a find and that if we don't read it we will be behind the procession. We have also promised to read every last novel that comes to this desk, but to date not a single one has turned up. If authors only knew what a demand there is for last novels—from some of them—they would hurry to meet the market. . . ."

The Saturday Review
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The Bowling Green

Abandoned Husbands*

Characters: Bill, Cuthbert, Jack, Hank, and Ed, all husbands. George Gobble, a bachelor. A wife. A nursemaid.

Bill and George enter before the curtain. There is a large doormat on the stage in front of the curtain.

BILL—Well, George, this is the club.

GEO.—Looks very nice.

BILL—Be sure to wipe your feet before we go in. (*Both do so. Bill seems to linger irresolutely*) Yes . . . this is the club.

GEO.—Why don't we go in?

BILL—Well, George—you're quite sure you want to join?

GEO.—It sounds just what I need. You said it was a place where a man could feel really at home.

BILL—I said where a *married* man could feel at home. You're not married.

GEO.—That's not my fault.

BILL—Sure it is. You're quite an attractive fellow, George; you know darn well you could be married if you wanted to. It's really a saving, George, you get 3,500 exemption on the income tax.

GEO.—What is this, one of Dr. Cadman's talks on life?

BILL—I *said* you wouldn't understand—

(*Female voice heard loudly from behind*)

WIFE—Cuthbert! *Cuthbert!* What do you mean by coming in the back way and tracking mud all through my kitchen? You go round to the front door and WIPE YOUR FEET.

BILL—Listen, for Pete's sake don't tell her you're a bachelor, she'll give us the devil. You can't join the club unless she passes you, and you gotta have your story straight. You're married, see, and your wife is— Where would your wife be if you had one?

GEO.—Why, here with me I suppose.

BILL—You see how ignorant you are. Not at all; your wife and the kids'd be away for the summer. Up somewheres in Massachusetts. Buzzards Bay, that's the kind of fellow you are.

GEO.—Good Lord, do I have to have kids too?

BILL—Of course. That's the whole point of this club. It's for husbands whose families are away. So we wouldn't get lonely we hired a lady to treat us all exactly as if she was the wife.

GEO.—Gosh! You guys are certainly gluttons for punishment—

(*Enter Cuthbert L, carrying a pair of rubbers*)

CUT.—'Lo, Bill. Gee, the Boss is in great shape tonight. (*He treads with humorous timidity across the stage, wipes the rubbers on the mat*)

BILL—Shake hands with my friend George Gobble, he wants to join. George, this is Cuthbert, one of the best-trained members we got.

CUTH.—I owe it all to the Little Woman.

BILL (*to George*) You ought to see that bird wash dishes. You'd think he was born and raised in a kitchen sink.

CUTH.—You a good handy man, George? She's got a bunch o' fly-screens to be put up to-night. Hot stuff!

BILL—Listen, Cuth, here's the trouble: George wants to join but he ain't married.

CUTH.—Gosh! D'you think we can get away with it?

BILL—I tell him, a man needs to be married ten-fifteen years to appreciate this sort of thing.

CUTH.—It'd be wonderful for him if he *could* get in.

BILL—Sure would. Boy, what a preparation for life!

CUTH.—A Normal School for Husbands—

(*Voice of command behind*)

WIFE—Hank! It's no use putting up those screens until you've mended the holes in them.

CUTH.—She sure is a wonderful woman. She certainly knows how to get a man in condition.

BILL—It's better than Muldoon's training camp.

GEO.—I'm not sure I quite get the idea.

CUTH.—You will, Oscar, you will. Do you know how to keep tea-leaves from going down the sink?

BILL—Can you put a new washer in a faucet?

CUTH.—Do you always put the top on the garbage can?

BILL—Are you good at hanging pictures?

CUTH.—Can you slip into bed quietly, without waking a person up?

GEO.—Shades of Ben Lindsey! You don't carry this thing to—to extremes, do you?

CUTH.—Well, you see, every evening the one she thinks has behaved the best—

(*Voice again heard from behind*)

WIFE—What are you men mumbling about out there? Come in and make yourselves useful?

BILL—Coming, darling!—George, get your story straight and stick to it.

(*Curtain lifts and they are in a comfortable living-dining room. Door down L. Door up R into kitchen. Stairs up L. Dining table R. C. Windows at the back. Jack and Hank are tinkering with screens. The Wife, a brisk imperious person, wears a house-apron over a dinner gown*)

WIFE (*to Hank*) If you'd done this the way I told you, long ago, the house wouldn't be full of flies. (*Turning to newcomers*) Bill, what made you so late? (*Bill advances and gives her a dutiful husbandly kiss*) A hard day at the office, I suppose.

BILL—I'm sorry, darling. I've brought a friend for dinner, Mr. Gobble.

WIFE—Just like you, on the cook's night out. Mr. Gobble, Mr. What Gobble?

BILL—George Gobble, dear, of Gobble and Peck.

CUTH.—The old Turkish family, darling.

BILL—He wants to be a member. (*To George, who stands uncertain*) Kiss her, it's part of the routine.

GEO. (*bashfully kisses her*) How do you do, Mrs. — I mean, good evening—

CUTH. (*to George*) More initiative! Call her darling, sweetheart, duckie, some term of endearment.

GEO. (*embarrassed*) Good evening, duckie—

WIFE—We don't know yet whether it's going to be a good evening or not. Cuthbert, what are you gaping about? Put those rubbers away in the cupboard.

CUTH.—Yes, darling (*kisses her respectfully and exits L*)

WIFE—Hank, Jack, get busy, will you! Here I've been on my feet all day while you were loafing about town. Bill, I hope you went to the bank to-day, I've got to have some money. Gracious, what I ever married you men for I can't imagine.

BILL (*delighted, to George*) You see how homelike it is? Grand!

WIFE (*to George*) You want to join the club?

GEO.—Yes . . . yes, duckie. . . .

(*Re-enter Cuthbert, who tiptoes across and begins to lay the dining table*)

WIFE—Where's your wife?

GEO.—Why . . . in Massachusetts.

BILL (*helping him out*) Buzzards Bay.

CUTH.—With all the other birds of prey—

(*Sound of young children squalling, off*)

BILL—And two of the dearest little babies, darling—

WIFE—You have children? (*To Bill*) He looks so young.

BILL—They're young, too.

GEO. (*looking perplexedly at Bill*) *Very* young—

WIFE—That's fine; you can be useful right away. The nurse is tired to-night, so I'll let you give the babies their bath.

BILL—Look here darling, I think perhaps you'd better let me—George's are *so* young he hasn't really—

WIFE—Bill, you keep quiet. Take this flyswatter and chase out some of the flies. (*Hands him swatter*) How young are they?

GEO. (*anxiously*) Well, one of them's a year, and the other. . . . Oh, the other's about six months.

WIFE—What?! (*Bill makes a diversion with flyswatter to distract her attention*)

BILL—That's why Mrs. Gobble's at Buzzards Bay, to rest up. It's been awfully hard on her.

CUTH.—You see, darling, with the children coming one right after another like that, it's been hard on him too, and naturally he's nervous about babies—

(*Ed comes on R, pushing carpet sweeper*)

WIFE—Nonsense. He's just the one. (*Calls*) Emma! Bring the twins!

GEO. (*appealing to Bill*) For God's sake, Bill—

BILL—If you want to join this club you'll have to learn to obey orders (*he flits about swatting flies*)

CUTH.—Be darn careful you don't get soap in their eyes. One fellow got blackballed for doing that.

HANK—There, darling, the screens are O. K.

WIFE—Jack, you put them up. Hank, you've got to hang a picture. (*Shows large framed portrait which is leaning against wall L.*)

HANK—That's grand. I just adore pictures.

(*Turns it round, displaying an appalling chromo of a savage looking female*)

WIFE—Be careful of it, it's my mother.

BILL—Why, darling, she's *lovely!*

HANK—Sweetheart, I seem to understand you so much better now I've seen that—

WIFE—Ed, get the step-ladder. Cuthbert, come and help hang Mother.

CUTH.—Fine!

(*Enter nursemaid with two very obvious doll-babies, of the sort that utter bleating sounds when moved. Bill all this while is amusing himself with the flyswatter, and while the Wife is not looking lands a fly on the head on one of the dolls*)

WIFE—Here they are, George. I'm afraid they're a bit fretful to-night, it's the hot weather.

CUTH.—George will understand them, you see his own are so nearly twins—

WIFE—Emma, you can go out to-night, Mr. Gobble will take care of the children—

(*Maid gives George the children, and exits*)

BILL—They're beautiful children, George, they take after their grandmother (*showing portrait*)

GEO. (*helplessly*) Yes . . . well, duckie . . . lovely, lovely . . . what is it you want me to do to them. . . .

WIFE—Give them their bath and put them to bed. You'll find plenty of safety pins in the nursery.

(*George, with a piteous look at the others, exit with squalling children. Ed enters R with stepladder*)

CUTH.—Come on now, we just got time to hang Mother before dinner.

(*Ed fixes stepladder, Hank and Jack hold up portrait, Cuthbert mounts ladder, Bill swats flies*)

HANK—Are you quite sure this is where you want it, darling?

JACK—We might as well put it here, we'll have to move it anyway—

WIFE—A little bit higher. Do you think the light strikes it?

ED—There's a lovely dark corner over there by the dining table—

WIFE—Don't wabble it so, I can't get the effect—

HANK—Ye gods, it's heavy—

WIFE—There, that's about right. Right there.

(*Cuthbert discovers he hasn't got hammer or nails*)

CUTH.—Where's the hammer?

WIFE—The hammer? It was here, you had it to fix the screens. Good heavens, you men will drive me crazy.

BILL—Here it is—

CUTH. (*trying to mark place for the nail while Hank and Jack teeter with their burden*) Got a nail?

WIFE—A nail? Don't you ever think of these things beforehand?

HANK—They're over there on the floor where we had the screens.

BILL (*looking*) Most mysterious. Not a nail in sight.

CUTH.—Nails are like that.

ED—I must have sucked 'em up in the carpet sweeper.

BILL—Hold it. I'll take the sweeper apart and get them out—

WIFE—Don't be absurd. There are some in the kitchen.

(*She exits up R. They put the picture down for a moment's rest. Cuthbert lays down the hammer, which Bill absent-mindedly picks up. The examine the picture*)

CUTH. (*looking at portrait*) Whoops, dearie!

JACK—Who is it by, Peter Arno?

BILL—Gee, I think the little woman's fallen for George.

CUTH.—The kid'll make a good husband if he just learns to tell lies a bit better.

(*A wild outburst of yells from children, off*)

JACK—Gosh, if they go in like that it'll queer him.

BILL (*goes uneasily to foot of stairs and whispers*) Hey, George— Pipe them down, she'll hear—

(*George appears, terrified*)

GEO.—For God's sake, tell me what to do—

BILL—What is it, soap in their eyes?

GEO.—Worse'n that. One of 'em swallowed it.

BILL—Thats' all right, it'll slip right through.

CUTH.—It's pure Castile.

(*Continued on next page*)

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BILL—Jeese, they'll drown— You chip in here, I'll fix the kids. I know the game.

(*Bill rushes upstairs, taking the hammer with him, George tiptoes down*)

ED—Cheese it, she's coming—

(*George takes hold of the picture, getting behind it so that his face is concealed. They raise it aagin hastily. Wife reenters. Hank, Jack and George are holding the picture, Ed steadies the ladder, which Cuthbert anxiously reascends*)

WIFE—Did I hear the children?

ALL—No, quiet as mice.

WIFE (*hands Cuthbert nails*) Here. I had to go down cellar to find them.. I don't know why you men don't keep things in their proper places. Ed, you never fixed those faucets in the cellar washtubs.—That's too much to one side. Further this way.

CUTH.—Which way, darling?

WIFE—This way (*they shift picture*) No, the other way. Goodness, I could have done this better myself. There, that's right. Why don't you put the nail in?

CUTH. (*ashamed*) I'm so sorry, darling . . . somebody's taken the hammer. . . .

WIFE—The hammer?

CUTH—I had it a moment ago—

HANK—Most extraordinary.

ED—Hammers are like that. (*They all look about vaguely*)

WIFE—You mean, husbands are like that.

CUTH. (*who is leaning helplessly up against the wall holding the nail in place, with his back to her*) Perhaps you're sitting on it, darling.

WIFE—I'm not sitting on anything. I haven't sat down all day. How *can* you lose a hammer in half a minute? Perhaps it fell down behind the picture—(*starts to look*)

JACK (*hastily warding her off*) No, it's not here. . . .

WIFE—Well I'll get the potato masher, that's what I always use—(*She hurries off up R. Bill comes stealthily down stairs and hands hammer to Cuthbert*)

BILL—Awfully sorry, I went off with this—(*to George*) Hurry, the kids are O. K. (*George dashes upstairs, Bill takes his place*)

CUTH. (*calling*) Here it is, we found it—

(*Wife returns*)

WIFE—Well of all the useless—you don't deserve to be called husbands, you're no better than companionates.

(*The picture is hung*)

Mr. Gobble's the only one of the lot who seems to know his job.

CUTH.—I think Mother looks pretty nice there.

BILL—She certainly gives the room atmosphere—

WIFE—You got it too high. It'll do for the present, but it'll have to be changed after dinner.

(*She takes off her apron*)

HANK—She's wonderful! She certainly makes a fellow feel natural.

WIFE (*calling, at foot of stairs*) George!

GEO. (*off, timidly*) Yes, Mrs.—I mean, Yes, duckie. . . .

WIFE—Come down!

(*George comes down apprehensively*)

Are they all right?

GEO.—I think so . . . I had to use quite a lot of safety pins. . . .

WIFE—I think you did very well.—I suppose you *all* did the best you could, considering your limitations, so I've mixed a cocktail for you.

(*She goes up R to fetch tray of cocktails. The other men surround George to congratulate him*)

BILL—George, you click. She's passed you. Congratulations!

GEO.—Congratulations! Is that what you call them!

CUTH.—Tell him the signal.

BILL—Well you see, George, the one she's specially pleased with she always offers the cocktail to first.

GEO.—Good Lord—

(*Wife returns with cocktails*)

WIFE—Bill, I noticed today there's a wasp's nest under the eaves upstairs. You can smoke it out after dinner.—Now you can all drink the health of the new member.

(*She hands George the first cocktail*)

BILL—What I call a home!

[And as the other five men drink, the agitated George is seen to make a dive for his hat and a safe escape]

(CURTAIN)

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Pedestrian Thought

PEDESTRIAN PAPERS. By WALTER S. HINCHMAN. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1928. $2.

THE THOUGHT BROKER. By SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS. The same.

Reviewed by ARTHUR COLTON

PEDESTRIAN does not mean plodding. Mr. Hinchman is a vigorous walker in good muscular condition; Mr. Crothers is lightfooted, skilful, and alert, the literary offspring of Oliver Wendell Holmes, heir to the adventurous wit of the Autocrat. Pedestrianism is the natural human motion. The pedestrian is on his own feet. He does not travel by machinery. His driving power is within himself. He uses only the locomotion that nature invented. Where mechanical people have to back out or come to a crash, he leaps over the wall and thinks nothing of it. Pedestrianism is a state of mind. To those who whirl past—their feet in front of them, four agitated wheels underneath and other wheels within—, it may seem slow, conservative, relatively a standing still, a standing pat. But progress does not consist in rushing from idea to idea. It involves the selection and contemplation of ideas. "The pedestrian mind doesn't get very far in a day," Mr. Hinchman observes, "but it has opportunity to see where it is going. Your mind afoot is not confined to the highroad." It is not subject to traffic regulations. Moreover, it has to work to get on. Vehicular minds move under some other power than themselves and hence grow flabby and become crowd minds, standardized and imitative. The motions of a walker are personal. Pedestrianism is something like "commonsense," which is the outgrowth of character, the antithesis of mechanized thinking.

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At this kind of parable and light similitude it is quite hopeless to compete with Mr. Crothers. He is cleverer at it even than Mr. Hinchman, clever to the point of genius. His "Thought Broker" gives advice about investments in ideas. There are more different kinds of ideas than kinds of stocks, and the amount and variety of pedestrian good sense which he evokes from his complicated metaphor is amazing. His essay, called "The Smart Set in Literature," concerns a positive propagandist of the newest literary gospel who was discovered to be reading Martin Tupper for secret pleasure, a natural if extreme reaction. His "Social Survey of Literary Slums" discovers that overcrowding has brought about among us certain slum conditions and peculiarities—not enough light and air, not enough wholesome food and recreation. Crowded human beings develop morbidities. A literary proletariat is prolific. It tends to stick together in a glutinous mass and in time comes to pride itself on its stickiness. Its epidemics are called "significant movements." One of them is raging now, whose chief symptoms are low spirits and sardonic disillusion. The worm in the essay called "The Worm Turns" is something like "The Forgotten Man" whom Professor Sumner described many years ago. The President of the I. O. T. W. or Indepedent Order of Turning Worms, quotes from a popular magazine, "Ninety per cent of the population is behind the times. Eight per cent is ahead of them. Two per cent lead the way"; and he comments: "I don't admit that ninety per cent is behind the times. We *are* the times." The I. O. T. W. is a secret organization of people of average common sense and good temper. In every group there is a minority of bigots and a majority of non-bigots. The bigots make all the noise and usually have their way. The non-bigots only grumble. They need to be organized and energized. The motto of the Society is from Hamlet: "A certain convocation of politic worms." Wherever a salesman selling the latest fad in goods or ideas encounters a mysterious "sales resistance," it is probable that one of the Society's Burrows has established there some classes in preventive psychology. In fact it is a society of pedestrians, of people who walk on their own feet and refuse to be rushed by mechanized propaganda.

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In "The Unfailing Charm of Some Novels," Mr. Crothers finds the charm lacking in many modern novels because the novelist is irritated. The problem attacked is too big for the novelist and it makes him peevish. It was lack of a sufficiently broad background that prevented Samuel Butler's "Way of All Flesh" from being a really great novel. "He is irritated by the discovery of domestic infelicities. Now it is not a new discovery that sons do not always honor their fathers and mothers. This was known to ancient historians."

And this reminds us that the best pedestrian may slip and stumble, for that was not Butler's "discovery." It was rather that fathers and mothers are not always honorable, not honorable toward their children. This, too, may have been "known to ancient historians," but every child who discovers it finds it horribly new, and the last generation found it new enough to be shocked by "The Way of All Flesh." Of course, it was not the way of *all* flesh. On the other hand, I suspect Mr. Crothers's fine intelligence failed him here because he had been one of the shocked, and was still, at the time of his writing, on that point one of the "irritated."

Mr. Hinchman's essays were all contributed to the *Forum*. I am inclined to think his as original a mind as was Mr. Crothers, but he has not quite the latter's ingenious dexterity in the manipulation of parables. The common theme running through both books is a criticism of vehicular thinking, the same theme that runs through the books not only of Holmes, but of Emerson and Thoreau.

National Forms

ENGLISHMEN, FRENCHMEN, SPANIARDS. By SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA. New York: Oxford University Press. 1928.

Reviewed by H. D. HILL

SEÑOR DE MADARIAGA was the first person to realize the true importance of the Elephant Story, and since that story is generally known only in a truncated form, perhaps it is worth repeating in full as a background in his new book. An International conference was asked to write about the Elephant. The titles chosen by the different members were these: by the Englishman, "Elephant Hunting under the British Flag"; by the Frenchman, "L'Éléphant et ses amours"; by the German, (in 3 vols. of 1000 pages each), "Einleitung in die Beschreibung des Elephants"; by the Pole, "L'Éléphant et la question polonaise"; by the American, "How to Make Bigger and Better Elephants"; by the Russian "L'Éléphant, existe-t-il?"

The book which the Oxford University Press has just brought out is an examination of the elephant-hunting habits of three peoples, Englishmen, Frenchmen, Spaniards. These three are taken because Señor de Madariaga believes that each approaches a pure type: the Englishman is essentially the man of action, the Frenchman the man of thought, the Spaniard the man of passion. From the language of each it is possible to select a word which is the key to the fundamental attitude toward life of that people: for the English, *fair play*; for the French, *le droit*; for the Spanish, *el honor*. The men of action group themselves into an empirical empire; the man of thought inhabits an ordered universe; the persons of passion live as tremendous individuals. The influence of these tendencies is reflected by every facet of the society which each nation has evolved, by the character of the constitution under which each lives, by the place it gives to the family, the type of leader it brings forth, its historical development, its language, its art, its love, its religion.

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The book is the book of a man with antennæ. It belongs with Count Keyserling's "Das Spektrum Europas" and Erich Voegelin's "Ueber die Form des Amerikanischen Geistes" as a study in national forms by a personality which itself has form. The laboratory sociologist will dislike it on the grounds that it is merely qualitative. It is perhaps possible to reply to him with the suggestion that after all there is something in quality, that a sense developed through esthetics is as important as a census compiled by statistics.

Señor de Madariaga has dispensed with translators. He has written the book himself in English, French, Spanish. This is sheer virtuosity. If, as head of the Disarmament Section of the League of Nations' Secretariat, he was a man of action, and if, as Professor of Spanish Literature at Oxford he is a man of passion, in writing "Englishmen, Frenchmen, Spaniards" he no less obviously becomes a man of thought. Because of this, and indeed because of the very geometricity of his triangular comparison, it follows that the language essential to the book is French.

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More About Mexico

MEXICO PAST AND PRESENT. By GEORGE B. WINTON. Nashville: The Cokesbury Press. 1928.

THAT MEXICAN! By ROBERT N. MCLEAN. New York: Fleming H. Revell. 1928.

THE MEXICAN QUESTION. By WILLIAM ENGLISH WALLING. New York: Robins Press. 1927.

MEXICO BEFORE THE WORLD. Public Documents and Addresses of Plutarco Elias Calles. Translated from the Spanish and edited by ROBERT HAMMOND MURRAY. New York: Academy Press. 1927.

Reviewed by ERNEST GRUENING

THE literature about Mexico designed for a non-Mexican world is increasing in quantity and rising steadily in quality. These four volumes, if not of the varying scope, weight, brilliance, or scholarliness of the recent works of Beals, Priestley, Rippy, McBride, Callcott, and of what we may shortly expect from Mr. Frank Tannenbaum, on the Mexican land problem, are nevertheless distinct additions, each in a different way, to our printed and available supply of information about our Southern neighbor. The knowledge they convey, or its equivalent, was not to be had half a decade ago, although the convulsions, felt throughout a large part of the Western hemisphere, had been continuous at our door for thirteen years. If, as saith the French proverb, to understand is to forgive all, then the recent lore about Mexico is *per se* a considerable international event. That newer literature may be largely cause, may be in part effect, but in any event is a symptom of a nascent entente stretching across the Rio Grande.

Dr. Winton knows his Mexico. His style and context flow easily and continuously from pre-Conquest days to the present. Writing about documentation the sureness of his touch and his complete familiarity with his material are evident to anyone who pretends to know Mexico. His is a mildly interpretative history—a little more than half brings it down to the Revolution. The remainder is devoted to the turmoil and reconstruction that have followed. Unlike most writers apparently sympathetic with the Revolution as an inevitable step in the evolution of Mexico's national destiny, Dr. Winton is kindly to Porfirio Díaz; or perhaps it had better be put that he is no less objective in his treatment of Díaz than of the Revolutionary heroes—Hidalgo, Juárez, Madero, and Calles. In handling the thorny church problem, also, the author is exceedingly restrained, especially when one considers his evangelical affiliations.

* * *

Dr. Winton sought to conclude hopefully with an expression of faith that the way is open "for an era of understanding and mutual good will between the nations," though our people "have yet much to learn, and some things, the fruit of the era of anti-Mexican propaganda, to unlearn." Yet even as he penned these optimistic lines the Coolidge Caribbean policy called him to post-script the warning that such a policy, if attempted with Mexico, "will be fraught with grave danger," and that the Mexicans "may be trusted to resist it to the last ditch if applied to them."

Dr. Winton's volume makes no pretense of supplying new information to those already familiar with Mexico. To the many little acquainted with that country, he offers a well-balanced exposition, pitched in a moderate key, of Mexico's whys and wherefores from Toltec times.

Mr. McLean also knows his Mexican through an evident personal everyday contact. He writes more of the individual who is our neighbor than of his country. Broadly, he covers the same field as Dr. Winton, and with about the same sympathies. The unusual treatment, however, is his own, and serves to make palatable reading. His "Juan García" stays with us as a lovable human being long after facts and figures about Mexico and the Mexicans have faded from memory.

Mr. Walling's "The Mexican Question" is more of a monograph written at a given time to answer a special need. That need was the lack of understanding of Mexican affairs, conditions, and purposes, following Secretary Kellogg's "Mexico is on trial" note in 1925, the outburst of church and state hostility in 1926 after the withdrawal of the priests from the churches, and the tenseness between the two governments over oil and land issues which greatly inflamed Messrs. Kellogg and Sheffield, but which since then Mr. Dwight W. Morrow seems to be solving by the exercise of tact, study, sympathy, and common sense.

Mr. Walling writes somewhat as journalist, somewhat as researcher. His familiarity with Mexico, if not founded on long residence, was built at least on interest nurtured through years of long-range observation. If his time was short, his methods were those of the careful correspondent supplemented by the grasp that comes to one with a sociological background. Not exceeding 40,000 words, the volume is a compendium of the difficulties that Mexico faced in her struggle for social freedom, of the estrangement between the two governments, and finally (somewhat more fully) of the Mexican Labor movement to the extent that that movement is represented by the Mexican Federation of Labor (C. R. O. M.). With that group Mr. Walling is clearly in sympathy, and has accepted, perhaps a bit uncritically, its pronoucements as they were given him. But this in itself is serviceable in that it had not been done before by an American for Americans.

"Mexico Before The World" contains an excellent selection of the addresses of Plutarco Elias Calles both during his candidacy and after his accession to the Presidency. That description, if measured by American standards, on the basis, let us say, of a collection of President Coolidge's public addresses, would give a falsely inadequate idea of what is really in a way source material of some moment. In those utterances may be found the expression of the aspirations of the Mexican people, and how one Mexican who achieved national leadership sought to transform those vague and inchoate hopes into tangible realities.

Two English Novels

PRELUDE TO A ROPE FOR MYER. By L. STENI. New York: The Dial Press. 1928. $2.50.

QUARRELLING WITH LOIS. By KATHLEEN FREEMAN. London: Jonathan Cape. 1928.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

BEFORE us are two of the lesser novels of the Spring vintage. One of them Lincoln MacVeagh has now published in this country, viz: Mr. Steni's "L. Steni," the name attached to the first, sounds Italian; but is it not an anagram of "Stein?" The chief figure in the novel is a commercial Jew, the owner of a moving picture theatre. He is a richly-colored, robust, half-mad creature. The murk of his tragedy, fitfully lit by passion, reminds us a little, in its atmosphere only, of Dostoievsky. The book is not well written, and yet has considerable energy and impact. It concerns sordid and pitiful people.

It is the old story of an essentially common creature and his mistress; and yet there are flashes of the imperial about Myer. In a more primitive environment, in a more ancient day, his head might well have been engraved upon some barbaric coin—in the time when "the Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold." As it is, in our mechanical age, he fights to maintain his small business and experiences the fatal charm of the flesh in his "Lorrie." The drab and cautious Shenniston is his foil. That uneasy spirit, Marcus Myer, Myer's brother (almost more real than any of them) hovers irascibly upon the fringes of the story. Somehow, one wonders whether his life would not make a better book. He has his fascination.

As an example of the general style of this novel we submit the following. The book is full of such tortuous sentences, such "wounded snakes":

> He clung to it, but he hated it, because during the whole course of his existence he had never known want, and he had seldom been faced with any more serious problem than that of losing a few pounds owing to some unhappy condition of the market, when perhaps it might be that the Russian Government had confiscated fifty pounds that had been invested for him in an affair in the Ural mountains, when he went about with a face that was as blue as a Dolly dye, or when once, during the war, he had found that he would have to get some job or other to balance things with the cost of living.

One could hardly call that a style! And yet, in spite of it, the story gets told with some insight and some drama. The title is a masterstroke. Perhaps it is that which most lures one on. But we feel that having Myer walk hastily out of the picture before the murder, and only recur in the brutal evidence of the crime, is a badly-handled ending. The brother, Marcus Myer, and the poor stick, Shenniston, are left looking down at the body. What remained of the other Myer's congestedly whirling thoughts before he killed Miss Errimew, we can only conjecture. And a similarly brutal story by Liam O'Flaherty, "Mr. Gilhooley" (also a Jonathan Cape book in England) is remembered. A man, his mistress, and a murder. And the man never walked out of the picture. And the story ended with a crash like a dynamite. Whereas the end of "Prelude to a Rope for Myer" leaves us dissatisfied.

Quite another sort of thing is Kathleen Freeman's "Quarrelling with Lois." Here is crispness, economy of means, good dialogue—a group of characteristically English people done in a thoroughly English manner. Gregory, now the wealthy head of the Ferox automobile company, and intending to marry his rare Lois in London, motors down into the country to see his daughter by his earlier marriage. That earlier marriage had caused a village scandal. He had had an affair with a fisherman's daughter, had married her and taken her away. She died while with him. Their child was given into the care of his mother who still lives in the old family home. The father and brothers, all fishermen, of Gregory's now deceased wife, live in the same village. Gregory has not seen his child, Nellie, for years, though he has sent home money for her maintenance. Now he is about to get himself married a second time; he is deeply in love. His problem is whether to take the child, Nellie, to live with Lois and himself after their marriage.

The story is English in every fibre. The problem of Nellie is no problem to Philippa. She is strong-minded and entirely cool and collected. Gregory's attitude toward his offspring is so charming that one feels the final decision leaves things rather bleak for the child. Yet, from most of the English novels we have read, English children are accustomed to a certain bleakness, as they are accustomed to the seaborn climate that makes their cheeks like roses—to those constantly overclouding skies that pour such dazzling sunshine between. Nellie will not thrive badly, we feel, and is being sensibly taken care of.

Miss Freeman has written a novel before this, and a book of short stories. "Quarrelling with Lois" is not a brilliant book, but it is most competent. It is short but pithy. We do prefer this type of writing, even though it flits more across the surface of things, to the profound and lurid smouldering of a novel like "A Rope for Myer." Yet "A Rope for Myer" attempts a harder thing, essays a larger canvas. Women writers, at their best, have marvelous "knack." L. Steni has anything but knack in writing. But he has a deal of undisciplined power.

Being Ourselves

(*Continued from page* 265)

self?" he may be writing far more like himself than we realize. We snap-judge his nature from certain superficial characteristics. We do not really know the inner man. He may give to us in conversation an impression of sapience that he really has not. He may possess a charm of manner that masks actual stupidity. The stupidity comes out in the writing where he is unable to translate into words the charm of his manner, a matter of looks and gestures. Yes, we are frequently wrong about writers as we meet them. The Goldsmiths are always around us also, "writing like angels," but—

This self, anyway, is protean, a contradictory puzzle. It is a composite. The versatile man can frequently write several kinds of thing equally well. In both kinds he is being himself. And if we ask one sort of writer for another sort of writing, it is frequently like saying to one of ordinary decent conventions, "You will be more yourself if you walk around naked." Unfortunately, ruining self-consciousness would be upon him even before unconsciousness probably supervened.

We remain interested in all the stream-of-consciousness work being done, in all the sounding of the depths of human nature. But that is only one way of portraying human nature in fiction. And many ways hold up a mirror. The thing to do is to find the road that is actually your own road. And, as we said in the beginning, it is not an easy thing. Man is too deeply misunderstanding of himself. It is difficult to be "natural" in the fullest sense of the term.

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Culture and Agriculture

"HISTORY is an incoherent compilation of facts," laments Comte, who tries hard to make sociology out of the mess.

"History is philosophy," urges Croce in an endeavor to raise it to the dignity of theology.

"The times of the past are a sealed book; what you call the spirit of the past is merely your own soul in which the times are mirrored," emphatically concludes the author of Faust.

Of the three definitions, that of the poet Goethe is best, because in its catholic sweep it may upon occasion embrace all others. But what is this soul in which each of us must of necessity reflect the past? Is it crystal glass unclouded by earthly things? No, it seems rather to be a curious amalgam of sympathies, antipathies, ideas, and beliefs which we acquire from the environment in which we live and move—not entirely perhaps, but mainly, at least. Hence a startling paradox: the present cannot see the past, but only the past in us can behold that receding panorama. In the mirror of the soul that reflects the past is embedded reality from the past and so whatever is immense and indubitable in the age through which we live must be reported in history. The moment any piece of historical writing rises above the level of the chronicle, therefore, it becomes a philosophy or way of life, an instrument of culture, a phase of grand politics.

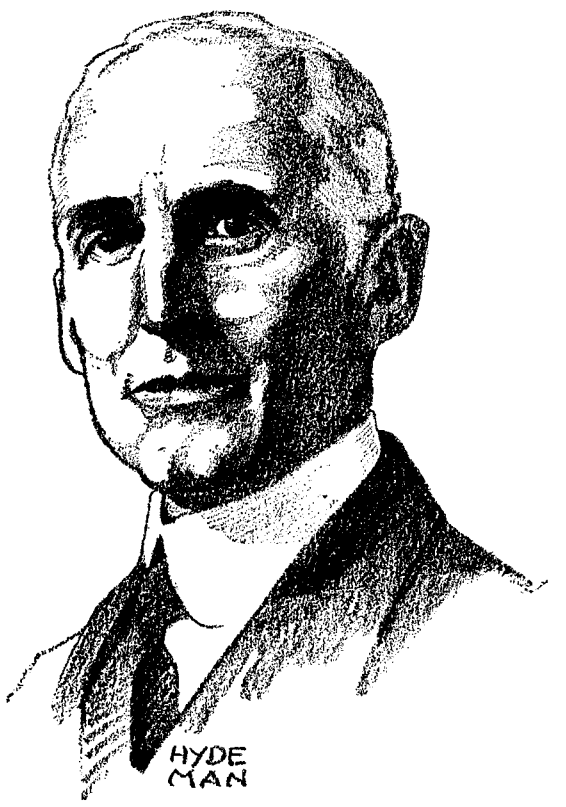
Now among the immense and indubitable things in American experience destined to be reported was the influence of the land upon our civilization broadly conceived. When the Declaration of Independence was proclaimed more than nine-tenths of the people lived by agriculture; the cities were mere overgrown villages. A hundred years later, nay, more, even at the opening of the twentieth century, three-fifths of the American people were classified as "rural." From 1862 until about the year 1890, the government of the United States was giving away rich farming land to citizens and to aliens who had declared their intention of joining our commonwealth. From colonial times onward, the division, cultivation, and taxation of this land and the partition of its produce have been powerful determining elements in American economics, politics, ethics, and culture in the large. Were not Jefferson, Jackson, and Bryan, above all, champions of the agricultural interest? No one can read their letters and speeches without giving an affirmative answer.

At last, near the close of the nineteeth century, agriculture, this immense and indubitable force in American development, found its historian in Frederick Jackson Turner, the outstanding scholar of his generation, almost the only one who did not devote himself to rehashing rehash. In July, 1893, he read before the American Historical Association a paper on "The Significance of the Frontier in American History," which, it may be safely said, has exerted more influence on historical research and exposition than any other scholarly document composed since the landing of the first immigrants at Jamestown.

And what is the thesis of Turner's remarkable paper? Summaries are dangerous, but here is an attempt to give a balanced survey in a few quoted lines:

> The existence of an area of free land, its continuous recession, and the advance of American settlement westward, explain American development. . . The frontier is the line of most rapid and effective Americanization. . . . The frontier promoted the formation of a composite nationality for the American people. The coast was preponderantly English. . . . The advance of the frontier decreased our dependence on England. . . . The legislation which most developed the powers of the national government and played the largest part in its activity was conditioned on the frontier. . . . Loose construction increased as the nation marched westward. . . . The growth of nationalism and the evolution of American political institutions were dependent on the advance of the frontier. . . . It was the nationalizing tendency of the West that transformed the democracy of Jefferson into the national republicanism of Monroe and the democracy of Andrew Jackson. . . . The most important effect of the frontier has been in the promotion of democracy here and in Europe. . . . From the conditions of frontier life came intellectual traits of profound importance. . . . To the frontier the American intellect owes its striking characteristics. That coarseness and strength combined with acuteness and acquisitiveness; that practical, inventive turn of mind, quick to find expedients; that masterful grasp of material things, lacking in the artistic but powerful to effect great ends; that dominant individualism working for good and evil, and withal that buoyancy and exuberance which comes from freedom—these are the traits of the frontier or traits called out elsewhere because of the existence of the frontier.

When he presented this historic paper in Chicago, Professor Turner had already lived through momentous years in agrarian economy and had seen with his own eyes segments in the relation of that economy to American life. The year 1893 in which his winged words were written for the Historical Association was vibrant with the notes of the last great conflict between agriculture and capitalism in the United States—a conflict stretching from Nathaniel Bacon to William Jennings Bryan. In 1892, the Populist party, launched at Omaha, had polled more than a million votes and carried three states; already Bryan and his flying scouts were preparing to capture the Democratic party in 1896; already the country was entering into the throes of the panic which lasted through the long misery of Cleveland's second administration. "Sockless Jerry" Simpson, "Pitchfork" Till-



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man, and "Silver Dick" Bland were abroad in the land. Within three short years, Bryan and McKinley were to break lances in a savage campaign which caused gentlemen in Wall Street to see visions of Jack Cade and Daniel Shays every night. Such was the state of the nation when the Wisconsin Professor posted his thesis at the gates of the Middle West.

But the agrarian thesis is inadequate when applied to American politics and utterly untenable as the clue to American civilization in the large. The reason is simple. Besides agriculture, three other powerful economic forces have operated in the course of our affairs: *capitalism* in its manifold aspects such as manufacturing, commerce, banking, credit, and transportation, the *slave-planting system*, and *industrial labor* beginning in handicrafts, all with their respective political theories and moral ideologies. Where the influence of one starts and another ends, no human eye can discern.*

From colonial times onward capitalism and planting economy were active all along the seaboard; the laborious mechanics of the towns furnished the strong biceps for smashing revenue collectors' houses and overthrowing royal statutes in the great days when the ancestors of the Daughters and Sons of the Revolution were promoting law and order. If "embattled farmers" fired the shots at Lexington and Concord, money-making merchants started the agitations against British colonial policy and precipitated the quarrel. Schlesinger has demonstrated this proposition to the hilt in his monumental work on "Colonial Merchants and the American Revolution." Nor must we forget that Horace Greeley, the ardent champion of free homesteads for farmers, called himself a socialist and that a large part of the uproar which forced Congress to enact the homestead law of 1862 came from labor and communist sources. As for the stanch individualism of the frontier, it is worthy of note also that populism has always been socialistic in its demands and that the classical formulation of individualism is by Cobden and Bright and goes under the name of Manchesterism.

Over against any simple agrarian thesis, therefore, it is necessary, in the interest of a just balance, to put other propositions. Certainly the Constitution of the United States has been a potent engine in American development. Well, it was framed by lawyers and driven through by commercial, banking, manufacturing, and bond-holding groups in the teeth of bitter opposition from the farmers of the frontier. If the latter could have had their way against the seaboard cities there would have been no constitution in 1789. George Washington was a slave-owning planter; Robert Morris was a Philadelphia financier; the stalwart boys who sacked and burnt courthouses under Daniel Shays were mainly farmers.

Having made the Constitution, capitalistic interests interpreted it. Loose construction was first formulated into a system by that astute Wall Street lawyer, Alexander Hamilton. In their famous resolutions of 1798-99, the frontier farmers of Kentucky, relying on Jefferson's guidance, vigorously condemned it, and proclaimed strict construction with nullification. All political parties have used wide and narrow interpretation at will whenever their interests have required the one or the other *Verdeckungsideologie*. Intrinsically the two theories have no necessary relation to land, capitalism, or labor.

If free land and the frontier largely explain the operations of the party of Jefferson, Jackson, and Bryan down to about 1908 (fixing an arbitrary date), it must be remembered that there has always been an importing, free-trade merchant wing in that fraternity—and, since Jackson's day, a growing industrial-mechanic contingent. Moreover, although the Federalist party as an organiaztion died in lingering death, Federalism was indestructible; it lived again in the party of Webster and Clay, Seward and Lincoln, McKinley and Coolidge.

In fact, it is fair to argue that the Civil War, so fateful in the course of American development, was mainly won by the weight of machines and money provided by Northern capitalism, applied extensively under the direction of old Whigs. Having helped to win the War, capitalism built railways across the continent and lifted in the wilderness the cities of the West, like Chicago, St. Louis, and Minneapolis —all instrumentalities which have had an enormous influence on American development. Capitalism has brought to America the huge army of immigrants housed in our cities and now engaged in completing the conquest over the agrarian wing of Jackson's party signalized at Houston, Texas, in June, 1928. It has created the American over-seas empire—territorial and commercial—and thrust the American financial invasion into the heart of Europe.

Even in direct relation to agriculture, its operations have been immense, and salutary in many ways. It raised farming out of servitude by providing reapers, plows, running water, and other labor-saving devices for field, barn, and kitchen. It is slowly taking over the obsolete individualistic agriculture inherited from antiquity and may transform it in the image of efficiency. In any case, all the remedies now proposed for agrarian disease are capitalistic in character and bear little, if any, kinship to historic land reforms.

As for the slave-planting system, it may be said safely that it is principally responsible for the mil-

* Professor Turner himself said in broadening the base of his theory, "We may trace the contest between the capitalist and the democratic pioneer from the earliest colonial days."

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by Charles A. Beard

lions of negroes in the United States, with the many problems and appurtenances thereunto attached, not overlooking Jazzkultur. Upon it falls a share of the responsibility for the Civil War, nullification, and secession. To industrial labor must be attributed no small part of the democracy and humanism in American law and politics, with their filiations in social theory and radical agitations.

Whatever may be the objections filed against these propositions, whatever may be said of the past, at all events, the future belongs to capitalism and urbanism—in the sense that, in weight of numbers and economic power, they will continue to overbalance agriculture in the scale, with immeasurable consequences for the onrushing years.

If in connection with the "American development" which history is to "explain," reference is made to civilization in the large, some very nice problems are raised. What contributions have serfs, landlords, freeholders, peasants, and land toilers as such ever made to letters, arts, and sciences? No doubt many landlord and slaveholding families have been highly cultured, have patronized the arts, and have accumulated the fruits of artistic labor. No doubt also agriculturalists, in a broad sense, have furnished innumerable leaders for every phase of the civilizing process. Sir Isaac Newton was the son of a yeoman; but he did not get his mathematics in a corn field. Gibbon was the son of a landed gentleman, but he wrote his "Decline and Fall" in London and Lausanne, not by the quiet brooks of his native estate. Abraham Lincoln was the son of a poor farmer, but he learned more as attorney for the Illinois Central Railway than he did splitting rails.

What figures did the old planting region of the South contribute to American letters, art, or science? Matthew Maury? Yes. But he developed his talents as a government officer in Washington between 1844 and 1861, having there the advantages of library and laboratory facilities. Dr. Long, of Georgia? Yes. He was a pioneer in the development of anæsthetics, but he failed to reach great heights because he had no adequate hospital equipment. William Gilmore Simms? He was a son of Charleston.

What of the rich landed families of New York? After all is said for the genius of James Fenimore Cooper, of Cooperstown, son of a landed proprietor, what more is there to place under this head? And with respect to Cooper note must be taken of the fact that wealth gave him leisure for study and travel; he was not a dirt farmer by a long shot.

Turn to the philosophers, poets, essayists, and moralists whose work certainly helps to explain American development in the nineteenth century. Emerson was not a farmer; neither can his complex and colorful thinking be referred to any simple agrarian origins. He did hoe in his garden, but he did not live by labor on the land. Consider Ticknor, Prescott, Parkman, Lowell, Hawthorne, and all the rest of the New England school. Were they nourished by agriculture? Biographers usually avoid mundane matters, such as economic origins and foundations, but enough is known to warrant the statement that New England commerce, industry, and merchandising furnished most of the money that educated the intellectual leaders of that section, gave them leisure, and printed their books. Some of them came from farms; that is, they left agriculture for urban life created by capitalism; in the cities and towns they found the libraries, the magazines, the intellectual friction so essential to the development of literary power, and the merchants of literature eager to market their wares.

Consider science, both theoretical and applied, not overlooking agricultural biology. How many of the inventions that have revolutionized American life—contributed to American development—have come directly from farms and plantations, are due to the free land or the frontier? Have the Vails, the Newcombs, the Gibbses, and the Millikans developed their skill and their arts in the fields and forests? Where has thought flourished most luxuriantly, in rural Tennessee and Arkansas or in urban New York? Where do we find the legislation designed to keep us fast to Mosaic cosmogony and Ptolemaic astronomy — to Jonah and the Whale?

In other words, after taking out of American development all that cannot be explained by free land, the frontier, and western advance, there is a considerable residum left. Until the researches are made and the balance struck nothing like a mathematical judgment can be made, but it cannot be denied that the contributions of capitalism, industrial labor, and the old plantation system are immense and significant, with reference to civilization in the large, even to politics strictly construed.

* * *

However valid may be the agrarian thesis in respect of the past that lay behind 1900, let us say, there can hardly be any question about the course of affairs since that date. More than one-half of the American people may now be classed as urban and the proportion increases with the passing years. Agriculture, important as it is, sinks relatively in the economic scale. By 1860 the value of capitalistic and urban property had already overtopped the value of all the agricultural land between the Atlantic and the Pacific. In 1928, in Jefferson's party, the historic party of the landed interest, the urban wing outnumbers and outvotes the agrarian wing. The party anthem is "The Sidewalks of New York," not "The Barefoot Boy with Cheeks of Tan." If the Democratic candidate for Vice-President comes from Arkansas, he is not a farmer or planter; he is a lawyer and has certain great power companies among his most grateful clients. Governor Alfred E. Smith, the presidential candidate, knows not the shady lanes and sun-burned fields; his habitat is the metropolis. Likewise in the Republican party, formed in 1860 by a union of capitalistic and agrarian factions, the agricultural wing has been relegated to a place in the rear. Mr. Hoover, the engineer, has no love for Populism and accepts with a wry face the necessity of coming to terms with "clod hoppers." A stout individualist of the Cobden school, he proposes a capitalistic remedy for the collapse of agriculture.

In the year of grace 1928, America is a land of science, machinery, mass production, imperial finance, and great cities. And our urban economy is corporate, not competitive.

* * *

Is this any ground for alarm? If farmers are to sink into landless peons, yes, decidedly. Hence decisions made by the captains of our fate during the coming years are really freighted with destiny. But the agrarian system of the free-land and frontier age is dead beyond all resurrection. Nothing but nation planning, an enlightened combination of machine and field economy, can lift it to a high plane of productive efficiency—the basis of a democratic culture—the goal of a powerful party in western civilization, which goes under different names and is torn into many factions but moves relentlessly on the social structure associated with the handloom and the wooden moldboard, everywhere from the Volga to the Orinoco. Bitter tears shed over the process by which "wealth accumulates and men decay" will not turn back fate in its onward sweep. The hope for agriculture lies in the adoption of the machinery and the organization which have made industrialism powerful. Only the instrumentalities of technology will save it from a chaos and decline.

Whatever the future of agriculture, machine economy will advance, will occupy ever larger areas of the earth's surface, build bigger cities, and construct civilizations ever more urban. Shall we put on sack cloth and ashes? Not yet. If we weep, we weep almost alone. European critics, at the very hour when the sooty-faced giant of mass production knocks at their doors, scorn America as the land of machinery and materialism; but if it were not for the immigration bars of the United States half of Europe would be here within fifty years. And everywhere in the Old World, handicrafts and agriculture sink in the scale. Great landlordism is powerful only in a few places, like Hungary and Prussia, and even there it is being steadily undermined by capitalism. Russia, Rumania, Yugoslavia, and Czechoslovakia seize estates and redistribute the land among peasants; there agricultural production has fallen to a low degree and the cry ascends to heaven for capitalism, either private or state, to save it from poverty and ruin. Land toilers who were once content with black bread and rags turn to the cities for the money and the technology that can put burdens on machinery, introduce sanitation, and make life on the land worth living. It is only by mass production that the masses can rise to a standard of life far above the level of subsistence.

What then is the source of the great fear? It is essentially political. Statesmen, always concerned about law and order, have always looked upon a wide distribution of land as a guarantee of security and upon the "mobs" of the great cities as the makers of revolution. This view of politics is very old. More than two thousand years ago, Aristotle expounded it, coming to the conclusion that

> the best material for democracy is an agricultural population; there is no difficulty in forming a democracy where the mass of the people live by agriculture or tending of cattle. Being poor, they have no leisure, and therefore do not often attend the assembly, and not having the necessities of life they are always at work and do not covet the property of others. . . . A proof is that even the ancient tyrannies were patiently endured by them as they still endure oligarchies if they are allowed to work and are not deprived of their property. . . . The ancient laws of many states were excellent. They provided that no one should possess more than a certain amount of land, or that, if he did, the land should not be within a certain distance from the town or acropolis.

In merchants and mechanics the Greek philosopher could find no excellence.

This stereotype of thought has been repeated from time to time since Aristotle first created it. It was used by Jefferson as the basis of his political philosophy and his party appeal. It was his ideal to keep workshops in Europe and with them the "mobs" of laborers associated with industry; to make America a land of free farmers—upstanding freemen, owing their living to no lord or employer, stalwart for the corn field or the battle field in national defense; and to hold down urban populations with their tendency to revolution and disorder—abundantly demonstrated during the revolt against Great Britain. From Jefferson the tradition was taken over by Andrew Jackson who led an agrarian revolt against the money power—the Second United States Bank. In Lincoln and the western wing of the Republican party faith in farmers flamed up anew. Belief became tradition; tradition became a fine talking point for politicians; from politics it crept into other phases of civilization, even into the writing of history and literature. Hence, the farmers are the salt of the earth—that is, as long as they stay away from the assembly or the acropolis, keep busy in the fields, and do not try to divert too much of the national wealth in their direction by currency inflation and other devices.

The fear and the tradition may be justified by history, but both need re-examination in the light of the new urbanism already in process of formulation, thanks to the labors of Howard, Unwin, Adams, Mumford, Le Corbusier, and a host of other Makers of Imagery. If the cities are the seats of awful revolutions, as Jefferson believed, it is too late to put our faith in stalwart farmers as our saviors. If the cities bring all the terrible evils that cause bucolic poets to lament, their diseases must be cured by plastic surgery, not by levelling them to earth and sowing wheat in their streets. Philosophers, artists, economists, engineers, and authors of beautiful letters will have to take note of this "stubborn

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Charles A. Beard, whose article appears above, takes rank with the foremost historians of the country and is known as an exponent of the influence of economic factors in history. He has been professor of politics at Columbia University, director of the Training School for Public Service, director of the Institute for Municipal Research in Tokio, and advisor to Viscount Goto, Japanese minister of home affairs after the earthquake in 1923. *In addition, he is the author of a number of books among which mention may be made of "American Government and Politics" (Macmillan), "American City Government" (Century), "Contemporary American History" (Macmillan), "Economic Origins of Jeffersonian Democracy" (Macmillan), "Cross-Currents of Europe Today" (Marshall Jones), "Economic Basis of Politics" (Knopf).*

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Books of Special Interest

Sociology Today

CONTEMPORARY SOCIOLOGICAL THEORIES. By PITIRIM SOROKIN. New York: Harper & Bros. 1928. $4.

Reviewed by FRANKLIN H. GIDDINGS and M. V. GAADEN
Columbia University

SOCIOLOGY is just now between hay and grass. The hay is dry and we are waiting for the grass. The philosophical sociology of the system makers, Comte, Spencer, Schaffle, and DeGreef, no longer makes strong appeal. A sociology explanatory of the major processes and formations of human society, arrived at by strict scientific induction, will be an achievement of the future. Meanwhile, sociologists are busying themselves with intensive studies of minor phases and with borderline phenomena that are partly sociological, partly cultural, partly psychological, and partly biological. Many of them are of substantial value and all will contribute ultimately to a large synthesis. At the moment, most of the writers who concern themselves with the processes which generate human society rarely get beyond studies of individual contacts and accommodations. These belong primarily to social psychology, and they are at best only one half of the factors which have one day to be investigated. Attitudes and relations of individuals toward and with one another may be described as the warp of society. The woof with which they interweave consists of mass alarms, rages, hungers, clamors, impulsions, and formations, incited by general situations to which multitudes react, whether individual contacts and accommodations have begun or not. It should not then be regarded as disparagement to adjudge our sociology of the moment, excellent as it is in its way, nevertheless "a little go" by comparison with the ambitious sociology of the past and the probably more coherent sociology of the future.

Professor Sorokin's book, "Contemporary Sociological Theories," is organized on an original plan which makes it an exceptionally useful work for the teacher. We have many accounts of contemporaneous sociological theorizing, but without important exceptions they take the form of expositions of the work of individuals, one after another. Professor Sorokin, abandoning this method, arranges his materials according to "schools." Chief among these, not counting special developments and variations, are: the "mechanistic" school, the "geographical" school, the "bio-organismic" school, the "sociologistic" school, and the "psychological" school. The assumptions, contentions, and the conclusions of each are presented in orderly fashion, and are subjected to criticism and appraisal. Not a few of the writers cited appear in more than one "school." Professor Sorokin, as a rule, however, identifies each of them with one or another school, as on the whole his proper placing. On this score exception will be taken in certain instances. Professor Sorokin's industry has brought together an impressive amount of data and he need not fear being taken to task for many, if any important, oversights. His judgments are generous, but not to the sacrifice of truth, and the student will look vainly for any account of contemporary sociology as informing.

The reviewers have but one serious criticism to offer and perhaps it is not as serious as they imagine. Schools of sociology are after all only presentations of various aspects of society and the various groupings physical in their natures and obeying physical laws. Without tracing physical energies through social phenomena we get only a fantastic and untrustworthy notion of social possibilities. Failure here is the danger of the social worker and the reformer, who too often lose sight of the conservation of energy and the law of diminishing return. Geography has determined the course of societal evolution from the beginning, and will continue to do so. The migratory movements of great masses of men followed by integration and disintegration of their aggregations, have been forced upon them by cyclical climatic changes, with alternating desiccations and abundant rain fall. The struggle for existence, natural selection, racial differentiations and crossings have determined the efficiencies and the fate of populations. We are only now beginning to dig into the phenomena of "inborn ability" and the possibilities of "conditioning." All of these matters are clearly brought out in Professor Sorokin's pages, but he might perhaps have more strongly insisted than he has done, that it is only through synthesis that we can have a complete and unified sociology. This he could have done by making it quite clear that the "sociologistic" school, which contends that the true nature of societal processes can be discovered only by examining them as unique, should give attention also to the synthesis of all contributing factors. The point need not be stressed, however, in our appraisal of this admirable and useful book.

A Footnote to History

THE TAKING OF TICONDEROGA IN 1775: The British Story. A Study of Captors and Captives, by ALLEN FRENCH. Harvard University Press. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

THIS slender volume settles decisively one of the minor, but exceedingly interesting military questions of the Revolution: the question of the part played by Benedict Arnold in the capture of Ticonderoga. Was he an equal sharer with Ethan Allen in the command of this expedition? Was he present at the capture, and did he join with Ethan Allen in calling upon Captain Delaplace to surrender the fort? That these questions are obscure is due in the main to Ethan Allen himself. While Arnold claimed equality of command in one letter, and implied it in another, Allen attempted to arrogate the whole credit to himself; in his letter on the expedition to the Massachusetts Congress, and in his "Narrative" of 1779, he says nothing whatever of any part by Arnold in the command. In his "Narrative" he does not even mention that Arnold was at Ticonderoga at all, though in a letter of May, 1775, to the Albany Committee, he did admit that "Colonel Arnold entered the fortress with me side by side." History in general has accepted Ethan Allen's selfish account; popular historians in particular have been only too glad to exclude the future traitor from their narratives.

Mr. French now proves beyond the slighest question that Benedict Arnold did have equal command of the expedition, and that he was as prominent in the actual capture as Ethan Allen. Indeed, Arnold first conceived the campaign, knowing that Ticonderoga had many brass cannon which the Americans needed for the siege of Boston. With his commission and his order from the Massachusetts Provincial Congress, he gave the project a legality which it needed and which Allen could not furnish. The clinching proof of Arnold's share is a report made by Lieutenant Jocelyn Feltham of the King's Twenty-sixth regiment, second in command at Ticonderoga; a full report written just a month after the surprise, and laid before Gen. Gage, in whose papers it has slumbered ever since. This report tells how on the night of May 10, 1775, Feltham was awakened by an uproar from "a number of armed rabble" crowding into the fort; how from the second story bedroom of Captain Delaplace he shouted down the stairs at them and tried to hold them in parley till the British troops rallied; and how he asked them:

> The most material question I could think viz by what authority they entered his majesties fort who were the leaders what their intent &c &c I was informed by one Ethan Allen and one Benedict Arnold that they had a joint command, Arnold informing me he came from instructions received from the Congress at Cambridge which he afterwards shew'd me. Mr. Allen told me his orders were from the province of Connecticut & that he must have immediate possession of the fort, and all the effects of George the third (those were his words) Mr. Allen insisting on this with a drawn sword over my head & numbers of his followers firelocks presented at me alledging I was commanding officer & to give up the fort, and if it was not comply'd with or there was a single gun fired in the fort neither man woman nor child should be left alive in the fort Mr. Arnold begged it in a genteel manner but without success, it was owing to him that they were prevented getting into Capt. Delaplaces room, after they found I did not command.

Mr. Allen's well-written monograph gives us a footnote to history with definitive accuracy. It adds one more item to the evidence that Ethan Allen had a distinct streak of meanness, it shows more distinctly the gallant side of Arnold before he developed into a traitor, and it furnishes us our first British account of the capture.

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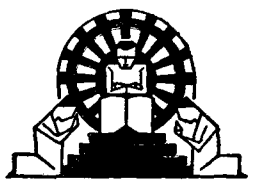

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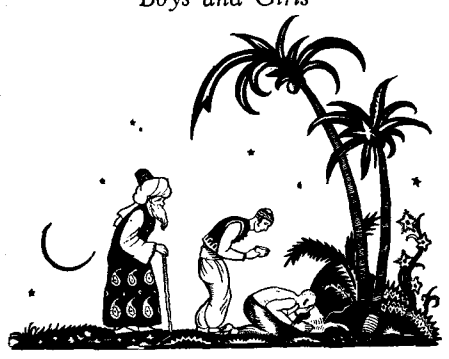

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Sterile Lives

WASTE CORNER. By RUTH MANNING-SANDERS. New York: Edward J. Clode, Inc. 1928. $2.50.

"MANY a mickle makes a muckle" applies to tragedy as well as to money. "Waste Corner" pursues its sterile way over an infinitude of little tragedies that cleave sharply through their individual pain to ultimate and abysmal misery. Ruth Manning-Sanders has written a book that deserves a great deal more attention than it will get. It takes no great daring to prophecy that "Waste Corner" will not be listed among the best selling, because it is too stark and unrelieved to appeal to many. There are few laughs to take the curse off its reality. Perhaps it will share the fate of the old "House with the Green Shutters" whose groping realism left it isolated in its own day but stood the test of comparison with better workmanship and enjoyed a recent renaissance. For "Waste Corner," as local as a city precinct and as timely as a suburban improvement allotment, has yet a timeless, placeless undercurrent that will leave the frustration of its characters poignant as long as human beings desire one thing and get another.

❧ ❧

The Kneebone family lives in Waste Corner: Dad Kneebone who foolishly loves and dreams and moves the boundary pegs nearer and nearer to his neighbor's house, always a scheme ahead of the misfortune born of the scheme before the last; Ma Kneebone shrilly inciting her adored daughter to "wince yourself, Trevina, the way folk'll see the lace upon your drawers," uncomprehending the twilight horror that beat the proud Trevina to earth, other than that a gentleman in a light mackintosh, a *gentleman* had frightened her; Dog Kneebone—he should have died hereafter—whose wretched end is not the least bitter indictment of human nature in the book; and Matilda May Kneebone, the crystal through which the author refracts the theme into the incidents of the novel. Day by day, dully the life of Matilda May is lived, and bit by bit, without apparent embellishment it is recorded, and yet one of the most striking things about "Waste Corner" is the way in which, out of the careful minutiæ of frustration, a sort of wild efflorescence flames up into hysteria. The mad, amative Willy Jewel shows this hysteria throughout and it gives to a difficult delineation that touch of the macabre which, perversely, makes it realistic. There are faults in this second novel of Ruth Manning-Sanders, but one can find so many more in so many other novels that it seems reasonable to mention the merits which are not so common.

A Poet's Novel

RISING WIND. By VIRGINIA MOORE. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1928. $2.50.

Why the publisher offers "Rising Wind" as "a historical romance" it is not easy to understand, save on the principle of *lucus a non lucendo*. It is not historical; merely setting a story in a bygone period does not make it so. It has none of the elements of romance, being rather a straightforward piece of realism, dramatizing the conflict in the soul of a young Virginia girl in Civil War times.

The birth of Mary Patch, daughter of Vanna, costs her mother's life, the mother's ordeal being described in a clinical opening chapter. Vanna's mental anguish—worse than her physical—is centered in her fear of the wildly blowing wind. It is, she fancies, the wind that is killing her. And the baby she leaves grows up with a strange kinship with the wind that blows across the hills around the Shenandoah Valley, where she lives. Mary proves a problem to her matter-of-fact aunt, for, in the words of her teacher, she is "a lovely, uncontrolled, visionary child." So different from her more disciplined friends and neighbors, Mary finds in her tender and understanding father her dearest comrade. Only he knows how to treat her irresponsibility, her temper, her moods. During the years of the war, while he is fighting, she struggles alone to set the course of her life.

Then into it comes Tom Tavern, with the love that she returns reluctantly, because it seems to her impossible to share the love she has given so wholly to her father. Faced with what appears to be a conflict of loyalties, she sends Tom away unanswered. Only through the help of Salyards is her problem solved—Salyards, the discredited teacher who talks philosophy when he is not beating his wife. She learns from him that love grows by being shared, but she learns it only just as word reaches her of her father's death in the Battle of the Wilderness.

Doubly bereaved then, if Tom, too, should fall. But he survives, even when the campaign presses up to the very doorsteps of Mary's town. The courage she has inherited from Vanna combines with her lifelong urge to swift and decisive action. Mary seizes a rifle and, from her ambush behind the hedge, plays a useful part in repelling the "Yanks." Wounded herself, she comes to consciousness to find Tom wounded, but alive. The spirit in her that has made her akin to the wild wind is at last satisfied, and we leave her tranquil and sure of herself for the first time in her nineteen years.

Mary Patch's story is written with a deft ability in the sympathetic penetration of an undisciplined girl's soul, and it contains many passages of really beautiful prose. But it is unfortunate that these are often marred by amusing errors in the printing, as when Mrs. Carver is described as wearing about her throat "a fissure of Valenciennes lace." One such would not matter; but the book has too many of them.

Poems of Earth

OUTCROP. By ABBIE HUSTON EVANS. New York: Harper & Bros. 1928. $2.

Reviewed by HELEN HARTNESS FLANDERS

TAKE for your lover the importunate earth,
You shall achieve desire.
In that great meeting is no hint of dearth,
The tinder is the fire.

Thus ends "Outcrop," by Abbie Huston Evans. She has achieved her desire. And from this achievement, in a perfect poetic medium, her book bears much of the vitality in Nature, much of her relation with the timeless and the near. Earth has, for her, become an inner equilibrium:

But if I needed these, I did not know it.
If you had told me that I wanted fulness,
Or life, or God, I should have nodded "Yes";
But not a bush of berries,—not a mountain!
—Yet so it was: fantastic needs like these,
Blind bottom hungers like the urge in roots,
Elbowed their way out, jostling me aside;
A need of steadiness, that caught at mountains,
A need of straightness, satisfied with cedars,
A need of brightness, cosened with a bush.

Here are indicated two outstanding qualities of her book—faultless workmanship and the honor she has kept with her country. Her lines beat in the varied rhythms of high moods or still in the coast country; equally with a clear moment before the eye and in the blood. Not alone can she sound the force of weathered rocks, the changing pasture kindnesses, or the lively silence in lone woods, she can hold true something steadfast, something permanent, as fixed as is the outcrop in the land. Her expression is completely native, without trace of exotic symbolism:

I am broken of my rest,
Thinking of the streams that lie
Looped across earth's barren breast
Ten times bluer than the sky,—

Of the hallelujah blue
Of crisped waters like a shout,
Now the year is almost through
And the sky diluted out.

The most important words in her book come during her downright appreciation of philosophies rocking in New England elements:

To lean down hard on what pries clamps apart.

"Outcrop" is introduced by Edna St. Vincent Millay—a poet created of the self-same country, who so often betrays gypsy nature, singing cities, singing persons, singing harbors, whereas Miss Evans seems "a being hardened in among these hills" who admits

When God took off my metal from the flame
And poured me out like silver; presently,
My outline fixed forever, I was I,
Stamped by this rocky corner like a die,
Shaped by these five hills and this edge of sea.

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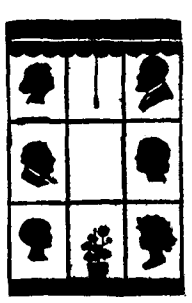

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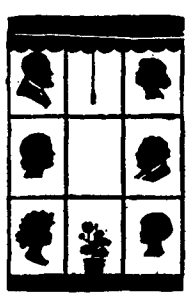

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Foreign Literature

GERMAN FICTION

STEPPENWOLF. By HERMANN HESSE. Berlin: S. Fischer. 1928.
MARTIN OVERBECK. By FELIX SALTEN. Vienna: Paul Zsolnay. 1928.
DER SCHREI DER LIEBE. By FELIX SALTEN. Vienna: Paul Zsolnay. 1928.
DER KAMPF DER TERTIA. By WILHELM SPEYER. Berlin: Ernst Rowohlt. 1928.
DIE GOLDENE WOGE. By KARL FRIEDRICH KURZ. Brunswick: Georg Westermann. 1928.

Reviewed by W. G. RANDALL

HERMANN HESSE, who last year celebrated his fiftieth birthday by beginning the publication of his Collected Works, is—in the present reviewer's opinion—one of the best of contemporary German prose-writers. His qualities of clearness and simplicity, his good style, in fact, come out even in his slighter works, as his recent "Kurgast," for example, an amusing series of impressions of an invalid doing the cure at Baden-Baden. It is true that he was at one time, in reaction against the philosophy of jingoism, inclined intellectually to the East, but this temporary attraction did not mar his style, did not make it turgid and pompous, as it did that of certain of his contemporaries.

It would hardly be fair to describe "Steppenwolf" as a psycho-analytical novel. It is true that it could, one would imagine, hardly have been written before the enunciation of Sigmund Freud's theories, but it is more than the lifeless exposition of an idea. The "Steppenwolf" who gives his title to the novel, is Harry Haller, an intellectual, inclined to pacifism and internationalism, interested in music, art, and affairs of the mind and the imagination. Yet he conceives the idea that this is only one side of his real self; in this capacity he is the wolf of the steppes, living in isolation from his fellows, yet destined some day or another to devour them. His ennui leads him to form a laison with a young dancer named Hermine, who leads him along mysterious ways—at times assuming the form of a boyhood friend, Hermann, until at last she delivers him into the arms of another woman, and a decadent Spanish saxophone-player, with whom the "wolf" experiences all the heights and depths of sensuality. At the end, through some drug, Haller is enabled to split his complex personality up into its component parts, see himself, as it were, in analysis. In this dream-state he murders Hermine, and thus fulfils his wolfish destiny. The fundamental idea of the book, that we, too, are "steppe-wolves," if only we could raise our various inhibitions and break down the synthesis of our personalities—this is well worked out, and although the simplicity of Herr Hesse's style is changed towards the end of the story into something approaching the romantic, this well suits the theme and in any event is never obscure.

"Martin Overbeck" is a simple story, not only in its style but in its idea—compared with Hesse's novel, in fact, it may be described as artless and ingenuous. It is the story of a rich young man whose father wishes to see him safely and respectably married to the daughter of a friend. But Martin Overbeck has fallen headlong in love with Tine, a young lady who leads the life of a practical philanthropist and manages some kind of night-shelter. She repulses Martin's advances, and so he, in order to prove his seriousness, leaves his father's mansion, and tries to make a living for himself. As a young man brought up in the lap of luxury, he finds this no easy task, but he eventually succeeds, develops a comradely relationship with the very poor manual workers with whom he lives, and so convinces Tine that the wedding-bells can be heard in the last pages, together with the kindly, forgiving words of Martin's old father. An uplifting story, hardly to be recommended to the cynical, but otherwise worth reading.

Like Hermann Hesse, Felix Salten—whose story, "Bambi," in its English translation, ought to make him widely known to American readers—has begun to publish his Collected Works, and "Der Schrei der Liebe" is the first volume to appear. There are four tales included, namely, that which gives the collection its title, "Die Gedenktafel der Prinzessin Anna," "Die Kleine Veronika," and "Olga Frohgemuth." With the exception of the last, which is the tragedy of a father who drives his daughter out of his house because she went on the stage and became the mistress of an aristocrat—with this exception the plots are not very credible, and the characterization not very clear. Salten's gift lies more in the direction of staging, the description of surroundings, and each of the three first stories displays this quality excellently.

The "Kampf der Tertia," by one of the few contemporary German humorous novelists with a title to the name, is a school-story. It presents a "school-state" where the boys more or less govern themselves, and in general enjoy a freedom from control by their scholastic superiors which is not met with in the average run of school-narratives. The "Tertia" boys are all very fond of animals, and most of them keep dogs, which accompany them on their forest expeditions and camping tours. The authorities of a neighboring village have promulgated a regulation commanding the slaughter or at least capture of all stray cats, with the object of stamping out an epidemic of hydrophobia for which the poor cats, on insufficient evidence, were held responsible. The "Tertia," revolted by the inhuman methods which were adopted to round up the cats, one night literally paint the town red, with notices admonishing the citizens to be kind to animals. This escapade is held by certain of their fellow-scholars, members of the "school-state," to be injurious to the honor of the school as a whole, and a challenge is issued, to a game of football. In this historic struggle a prominent part is taken by the strapping young lady called Daniela, a friend of the school, and incidentally one may mention, with gratitude and relief, that Herr Speyer has refrained from attaching any *Frülingserwachen* suggestion to his sole female character. In short, although the novel may appear, in certain respects, strange and incredible to those who are unaware of the educational experiments which have been made in recent years in Germany, it is a thoroughly readable story, and there are several passages—notably where the English master has to lecture the school on the "Tertia's" escapade — which are really funny.

Herr Kurz is a German writer who has elected to make Norway his home. It is therefore from close personal knowledge that he has been able to write this novel on an unusual theme—the dire results which were brought to a Norwegian countryside by the unwonted influx of wealth due to the war. From being a quiet village, half agricultural, half fishing, Solbo becomes industrialized. Most of its inhabitants are dazzled by the sudden wealth which the increase of prices brings, and for a time everything goes well materially. But the inevitable reaction comes, and although the principal speculator endeavors to recoup his losses by dealing illicitly in spirit—there is an interesting study of Norway's experiences under Prohibition—he is eventually denounced by a jealous woman whose ambitions he had thwarted, and so he ends in disaster, bringing down with him all those who had followed his lead. To those who want something fresh and original in fiction this novel may be recommended.

"Besletti and Tumminelli, of Milan, have just published another attractive book, called 'Ambasciate e Ambasciatori a Roman' (Lire 175)," says the London *Observer*. "A bird's-eye view is given of ambassadors from many lands, and from the days of Etruscans, Greeks, and Carthaginians to our own time. The gala coach, with sea gods and monsters, of my Lord Castlemaine, who so astonished Papal Rome, is shown in two illustrations; and there is a photograph of Sir Rennell Rodd in fancy dress. Old prints of Gian della Bella and modern frescoes are distributed with catholic prodigality. Ugo Ojetti, the editor, has chosen good collaborators to tell the story of embassies through the ages. The idea of the book was conceived and the expenses borne by a many-sided industrialist of Milan, Gino Clerio, who thus recorded the opening of his fine hotel in Rome, 'Degli Ambasciatori.'"

On page 195 of the October 6th issue of the *Saturday Review of Literature* in a review of "The Three Musketeers of the Air" it was stated that "The 'Three Musketeers,' Baron Guenther von Huenefeld, Major James C. Fitzmaurice, and Captain Hermann Koehl, of whom two have recently gone to their death, have written, individually, their own stories of the first crossing of the Atlantic from East to West." There were three American fliers two of whom in crossing the United States were killed. The authors of this book are not American but German and Irish and all of them are still living.

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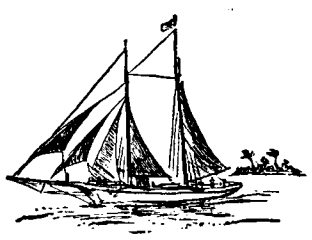

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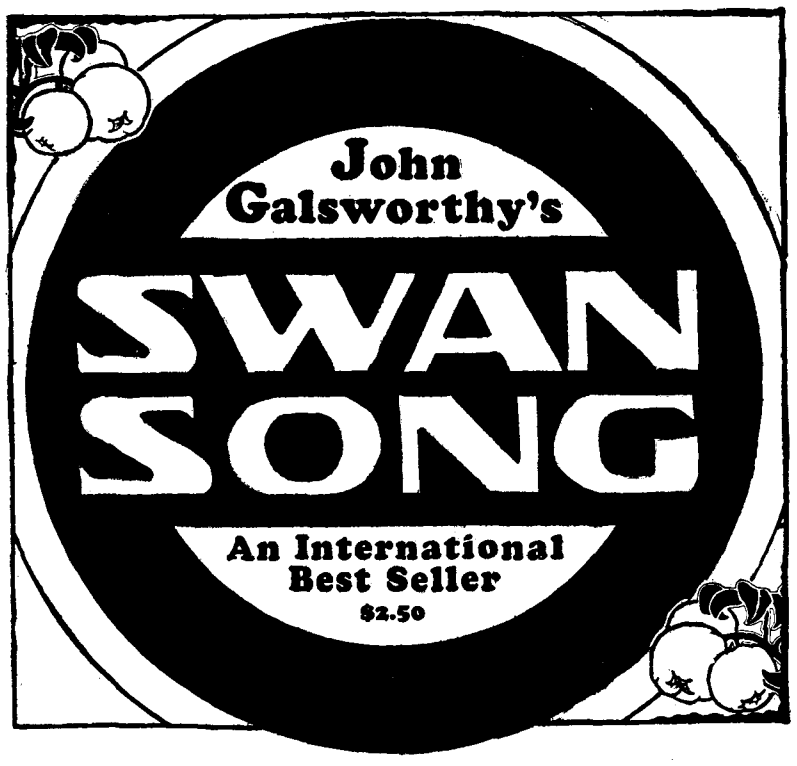

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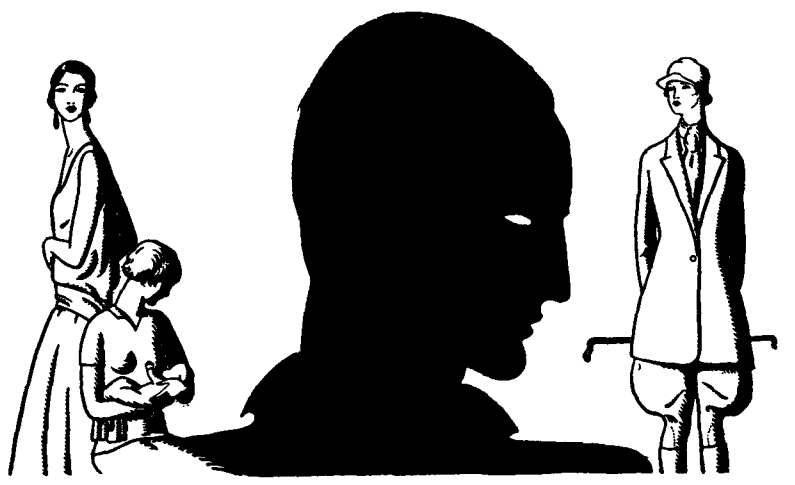

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Were it my temper to ask guaranties of life, I might bemoan your assertion that I made "heartfelt lament" over one of its incidents. But since Jeremiah is by no means a friend of mine, you have fallen into the quandary not only of misinterpreting my essay, but of attacking my philosophy of life.

For instance, you lecture me to the effect that "to ask that poetry be timely in the sense that it record the incidents of human achievement rather than the fact of human endeavor, the accomplishments of mankind rather than its yearnings, its pains, and its joys, is to ask that poetry stultify itself by becoming description instead of expression."

But I did not ask that of poetry. I plainly said, "A poet's theme is, of course, the human soul and all its emotions."

I also plainly said that "no one has yet come to conjure us to delight more in a strong man flying across the Pole than in a young girl grieving over an invalid boy who will never be able to walk."

Moreover, I wrote, "If man's knowledge has entered a new and colossal environment where infinitude obliterates all horizon, why should not his soul also enter and express itself?"

What is the matter with these ideas? Is it, as you put it, that "they record the accomplishments of mankind rather than its yearnings"? Your assumption is much less fair than if I said to you: Man has no accomplishments. Only yearnings. Every airplane is but a yearning to fly farther and swifter. Every railroad a yearning toward greater highways. Every road a dream-road.

Is not this in accord with your opinion that "Poetry, after all, is a matter not of subject, but of treatment"? Why am I wrong, then, to suggest some wonderful machine wherein are grained the hopes and fears and, probably, the tears of inventors —their dreams at night and their work by day, their pains, hungers, and despairs? Is this machine not the urge of man, the desire to express himself, in fact, the expression itself as a burden-bearer, a further reach from the "sweat of thy face" and a lifted prayer toward health and heaven?

No. You should not have accused me of standing for the locomotive or skyscraper apart from emotion. To the true artist everything in the world is beautiful. You may not agree. Anyway, I like to think it true, and to think that ugliness is only an invention of those who are blind, narrow, intolerant, ignorant.

This terrible "Machine" which we hear so much of, is it not the urge of us? Is it not peculiarly an American urge revealing to us that power is an element of the soul as much as is tenderness; height and reach as much as is pity? Is not this urge teaching us that a thing can be artistically big as truly and as emotionally as it can be artistically small; as artistically powerful as it is artistically helpless or tender? For when a thing awes us, is that not emotion? When it serves, is there not gratitude?

Poetry must widen its horizon to include all that is rooted in the soul of man; and if America's present activities, its industries, its movement, its sparkling cities, its bigness, power, light, speed,—if these are not rooted in America's soul, pray, what is?

And all the powers of ultra-conservatism, fetishes, the past, bunches of faded violets, and beauty-only-in-Greece can never uproot them. Mr. Gandhi may berate us that we fly in the air and think we have found God, but the power and beauty and sweetness of pain along the dream-road leading to a driving-rod that turns thousands of wheels catches a much more beautiful reflection from "the burning bush" than any traditional theme of nature.

So interrelated is America finding all the world, so near is worship to wave-lengths, so near the color of a star to the minerals composing it, that we should hesitate no longer to separate that which God from all eternity joined together. The useful we find as much a spiritual emotion as sound or form or color; for where is the art which is not useful in leading us to God? Where is the useful which came into existence unaided by emotion?

Machines!

Is it not the soul of man that has moved him to make them?

THORNWELL HAYNES.

Central, S. C.

Biography

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

In your issue of August 18, 1928, Mr. Arthur Colton assigns Harold Nicolson's "The Development of English Biography" a pioneer's place in its field. He writes, "His [Nicolson's] rapid survey of the history of English biography is, so far as I know, the only book on the subject, which it covers in a masterly fashion."

It is unfortunate that Mr. Colton has ignored Waldo H. Dunn's "English Biography," published in 1916 by J. M. Dent & Sons (London) and by E. P. Dutton & Co. (New York). Here, if anywhere, is the true basic work upon the genesis and evolution of biography in England. Indeed, it is probably the first study of its kind in any language.

Professor Dunn, beginning with an account of the early biographical impulse (690-1066 A.D.), offers a scholarly and really literary history that has the merit, not only of priority, but also of adequate scope and excellent insight. His book has apprehended the central positions and even much of the phraseology of all the more recent treatments of the same theme. Mr. Colton's leaving out of account this fundamental work was, I am sure, not intentional.

HOWARD F. LOWRY.

New Haven, Connecticut.

Morleyana

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Your correspondent, Mr. Louis N. Feipel, has missed his guess in suggesting that "Newara Eliya" may form a clue to the pen name employed by Lamb.

It is spelled as quoted above and not, as your correspondent suggests, "Elia." It is improbable that Lamb ever heard of the existence of such a place, as Ceylon did not come within the orbit of the British Empire until the nineteenth century during the Napoleonic Wars, and, at best, the township is only visited to-day as a health resort, being famous for its golf links and its altitude. It is safe to assume, even if it was known to geographers at all a century ago, that the East India House would have no commercial association with it. My impression is that it is of entirely recent erection.

W. NICHOLLS,
Editor, *Bookseller and Print Dealers' Weekly.*

P.S. The front page of this morning's New York *Times* announces the arrest of a Mr. Albert ELIA of Niagara Falls. Niagara is nearer than Ceylon. Perhaps Mr. Feipel will follow up the home trail?

W. N.

More About "Thou"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Surely M. G. Van Rensselaer a little overstates it when he writes of the use of thou, thee, and thy by the members of the Society of Friends that "no member of this sect says, or ever did say, thou." They do not now, but apparently once they did. If he will give himself the pleasure of recalling S. Weir Mitchell's book, "Hugh Wynne: Free Quaker," he will remember that the author has some of his characters using thee and some thou. One of these latter even draws attention to the new vulgarization of "the plain language" whereby thee is substituted for thou. Thus we may place the distinctively Quaker oddity of the use of thee as beginning during the American Revolution. Again, he will recall in the quietly eloquent writings of the Quaker William Penn the frequent use of thou.

CARROLL FREY.

Philadelphia.

Erratum

By a regrettable error in the issue of The *Saturday Review* for September 22, "Told Again" was listed as written by Walter de la Mare. It is actually the work of Walter Brooks. The book is published by Alfred A. Knopf.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Belles Lettres

WORDS AND POETRY. By GEORGE H. W. RYLANDS. *Payson & Clarke. 1928.* $3.

Mr. Rylands's intimacy with Elizabethan drama is such as to make difficulties for those whose intimacy is less. We ourselves can recognize almost any character in Shakespeare by name, but the names of even the heroines of plays by Heywood or Massinger seldom call up any associations. Mr. Rylands's knowledge of both highways and byways of English poetry is extraordinary for a man of his few years. His youth shows not in any juvenility of judgment or inaccuracy of scholarship, but in a certain sensitive freshness of feeling. The feeling of most men for poetry is keenest and most delicate when they are young. The aged Emerson once advised a young man to lose no time before reading Shakespeare's Sonnets: "Read them," he said, "while your heart is young."

The first part of the volume is a Fellowship dissertation and is somewhat miscellaneous. It ranges from Chaucer to Housman for illustrations. Part II is all on Shakespeare, and is more sequential and mature. The main subject of it is the three periods of Shakespearean style, and an explanation of the curious fact that in the early plays there is little prose, in the middle plays a great deal of it, in the last plays almost none. Mr. Rylands plausibly argues, and effectively illustrates his thesis, that the final Shakespeare dropped prose, partly at least, because he had at last achieved a blank verse style equally flexible and free, free enough for the needs of drama and character. In the early plays prose is the realistic medium for low comedy characters. Then the higher comedy characters obtained it (Hotspur, Mercutio, Shylock, Rosalind, Beatrice). Shakespeare found himself dramatically in prose. The early Elizabethans were drunk with language. The verse was undramatic, stiff with embroidery, and dominated character and situation. Shakespeare grew away from it gradually, from the bombast and word tossing and word sipping, and began to burlesque and ridicule it. In the middle plays anybody, even Hamlet, might drop into prose, for reasons more subtle than reason.

It is well to remember that the Shakespearean scholar who devotes himself to Stratford, or whether the poet's knowledge of law was something or not, or to any such matters, is concerned about side issues and unimportant things, mostly uncertain, whereas the man who writes of Shakespeare's rhythm, diction, style, and esthetic development, is concerned with a main issue. The plays and poetry are the real things. The style lies close to the secret and heart of the man. His outward life was perhaps relatively uneventful and its events matter relatively little. The difference between the Shakespeare who wrote the "Two Gentlemen of Verona" and the one who wrote "The Tempest" is important, but how many children he had, or if his father was a glover and went bankrupt, is not important at all.

Drama

THE QUEEN'S HUSBAND. By *Robert E. Sherwood.* Scribners. $2.

MR. SCROOGE. By *Ashley Miller.* Dodd, Mead. $1.50.

PALM SUNDAY. By *Romain Rolland.* Holt. $2.

THE PROBLEM PLAY. By *Ramsden Balmforth.* Holt. $1.

THE LOVE CONTEST. By *John J. Carniol.* Harrison.

BONNET AND SHAWL. By *Philip Guedalla.* Putnam. $3.50.

Education

EDUCATION FOR WORLD-CITIZENSHIP. By *William G. Carr.* Stanford University Press. $2.50.

ENGLISH EXERCISES. By *Thomas R. Cook.* Scribners. 60 cents.

FRENCH COMPOSITION AND CONVERSATION. By *Joseph Brown* and *Dwight Ingersoll Chapman.* Century. $1.50.

PUBLIC DISCUSSION AND DEBATE. By *A. Craig Baird.* Ginn. $1.92.

EXTRA CLASSROOM ACTIVITIES. By *Riverda H. Jordan.* Crowell. $2.50 net.

A NOTE-BOOK OF EUROPEAN HISTORY. By *S. H. McGrady.* Crowell. $1.50 net.

HOW TO TALK. By *John Maitle Clapp* and *Edwin A. Kane.* Ronald Press. $5.

THE PATRIOT. By *A. E.* and *H. C. Walter.* Dutton. $2.

Fiction

TAMMANY BOY. By DERMOT CAVANAGH. *Sears. 1928.* $2.

The central figure in this readable tale of New York's political machine is Thomas Jefferson Gentry, a self-confident young man fresh from law school, who finds in his chosen profession a mistress more fickle than exacting. He loses his first eleven cases for the firm which has hired him, whereupon he also loses his job.

More by accident than anything else he becomes a member of the Tammany club in his district. Once in the magic and beneficent circle of the Wigwam the road before him becomes as smooth as that well-oiled machine can make it, and before he is thirty Tom Gentry finds himself in Congress, placed there by Tammany Hall to guard the interests of the people.

"Remember Jimmy Clahan made you Congressman, won't you?" his political boss says to him after the election. "They'll feed you tea and hot air in Washington Tom, and tell you a whole lot about Tammany that they read in their home-town papers, but you pay no attention and go right ahead and be a crackajack good Congressman. Only, when you get the word, come through!"

Tom gets the word, and he doesn't "come through." Whereupon the ancient precept of the Tiger that "one hand washes the other" is most forcefully brought home to him. Before it is too late he learns the lesson.

The jacket of the book carries the information that the author is a New York lawyer and a former member of Tammany's general committee, writing under an assumed name. The book tells nothing new about Tammany, but the picture is a lively, colorful one, painted without visible bias. The characterization of Gentry, without being profound, is plausible. There is a love theme thrown in for good measure.

It is not an important novel, but it is not one that the reader will find boring.

HEAD IN THE WIND. By LESLIE STORM. Harpers. 1928. $2.

This is the story of an English family living at Hay Fields, a pleasant country house. Richard Lucas, a retired surgeon and a widower, sent his son to school, but his two daughters, Stephanie and Laura, he kept at home, himself supervising their desultory education. Life flowed smoothly for them until Richard married his housekeeper, Anna Bishop. Then the three children flared up in rebellion. Not only were they resentful towards their step-mother, but they had an antagonistic feeling for

(*Continued on next page*)

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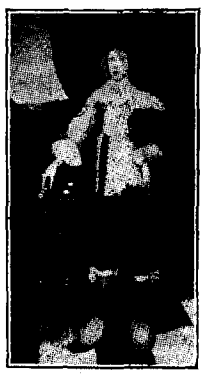

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Edited by BURTON RASCOE

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William Morrow & Company, 386 Fourth Avenue, New York City

The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

David, her sixteen-year-old son, who was an intelligent lad. Before Roy, Lucas's son, had completed his course at Cambridge, he became entangled with a cheap girl near his home. In order to save his son from marriage, so that he might go on with his career, Dr. Lucas performed an unsuccessful operation. Charged with manslaughter, he was sent to prison for five years. The family immediately moved to London, where David's astute management and friendship were fully realized and appreciated. It was inevitable that he should fall in love with Stephanie, always having felt a boyish yearning for her; but she felt again that old absurd antagonism and loyalty for her father, and it was Laura who finally won David.

Miss Storm knows definitely what she wants to do. Already she has developed a style; she sees her characters clearly and firmly; she has a knowledge of structure. Precipitating Robin Christopher Orme into the novel, near the end, is the major disturbing fault. If one can gauge Lesly Storm's future work by this volume, she is an author who is worth watching.

SILAS BRADFORD'S BOY. By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN. Appleton. 1928. $2.

This newest novel by Mr. Lincoln, which is incidentally his thirtieth book, is not likely to add materially to his reputation. The action is laid in that happy hunting ground of the author, the Cape Cod country, but the story deals largely with its more sophisticated residents, and the salt tang and the quaint humor for which Lincoln's Cape Codders are famous is not as copiously present as in the author's earlier work.

This is doubtless as Mr. Lincoln intended, but he has not written a powerful enough story to make up the loss. Captain Bradford, seafaring man and partner in a shipping firm, was one of the best loved and well-thought-of members of the community before his death. His son Banks returns from school several years later and sets about the practice of law in the little town, only to find mysterious cross currents and puzzling antagonisms blocking his path. These center about the descendants of his father's partners, who comprise the richest and most influential group in the community. It develops that things are not what they seem in Bedford, by any means. In the end, Banks conquers the antagonisms and solves the intricate riddle of the past. The chief weakness of the tale lies in the fact that the reader solves it so much more quickly than Banks does.

The author writes smoothly and amusingly, of course. He knows all the tricks and uses them well. The plot is ingeniously conceived and, for the first two-thirds of the book, skillfully worked out.

THE CLEVER ONE. By EDGAR WALLACE. Doubleday, Doran. 1928. $2.

In Mr. Wallace's tale a hero named Peter pays a hundred thousand pounds for a wife and one swell lot of trouble. A mysterious counterfeiting master mind, whose alias gives the book its title, is involved. Then there are a couple of rather neat murders (if you don't object to silencers being used on pistols), plots to ruin innocent folk, some decidedly active family skeletons, and at least one sliding panel giving access to a hidden room. We are not one of those who think that Mr. Wallace's inventions are sometimes a bit childish, and that his eventual solutions are too often more the result of chance than of honest detective work; but the first of these faults doesn't appear at all in "The Clever One," and, though the second does, it doesn't succeed in spoiling the book. It is the best Wallace we have come across. It is very good.

THE DAUGHTER OF THE HAWK. By C. S. FORESTER. Bobbs-Merrill. 1928. $2.

The first third of this book is melodrama of a very nice sort. Henry Dawkins, ex-pawnbroker's clerk, thief, loafer, and scalawag, served the Hawk Royal as lieutenant of guerrillas in the Rainless Republic until "the end came after one last spattering skirmish." The Hawk died then, and big Dawkins went to the Birds Island prison colony, to dig, shovel into sacks, and carry half a mile to the jetty, nineteen hundred and fifty pound loads of phosphate each day, and to sleep at night under one blanket in a barb-wired compound. Thus he lived until his pick turned up a pirate trove of silver ingots, gold coins, and jewels. That night Birds Island was a hell where soldiers and convicts, rum-crazed and greed-crazed, slaughtered each other. Big Dawkins went away from the island, rowing an open dingey westward into the Pacific, with a fortune in gems knotted in his shirt-tail. He came home to England, where, thanks to his pawnbroker's knowledge, he easily converted the gems into good pound notes. Then he sought the Hawk's daughter, found her; and at that point—page 97—the book goes blooey! From top-hole melodrama it degenerates into a nasty little idyl, a gooey affair that might have been written by Louisa May Alcott.

History

ENGLAND. By CYRIL E. ROBINSON. Crowell. 1928. $5.

This is an American one-volume edition of a history of England which originally appeared in England in four volumes. It begins with the Roman Conquest and continues to the close of 1927, which makes literally true the publisher's claim that it is "the most comprehensive single volume history of England now on the market." The author, who is connected with Winchester College, professes three aims. First, he would like to stir interest and appreciation; second, he would provide material for real understanding of historic issues; and third, he would print upon the memory a clear and decisive picture of the major facts.

As far as the first two points are concerned, the necessity for brevity forms a serious obstacle. Nevertheless, by omitting superfluous names and subordinating side issues where possible, opportunity has been provided to clothe the bare recital of facts with enough detail to make them interesting. For teaching purposes, a syllabus of seventy pages, a description of the machinery of the British Constitution, a somewhat superficial bibliography, tables of rulers and prime ministers, will be found valuable.

It is interesting to note that, while the author takes cognizance of the importance of social and industrial forces he does not, as some modern writers are inclined to do, slight the influence of rulers and ministers in determing the course of affairs. Not even Mayor Thompson could cavil at the treatment of the American Revolution: George III. is the villain and Washington the hero. Many critics will dissent, perhaps, from some of the author's conclusions as to the Great War. On the whole, however, the book presents an interesting, unbiased account of British progress from the early ages to the present day.

International

MUSSOLINI AND THE NEW ITALY. By ALEXANDER ROBERTSON. H. Revell. 1928. $2.

This is an excellent book for children written in adult phraseology. It might be classed as a "campaign biography" if Mussolini were under the necessity of making a campaign. The Fascist Chief is all hero—real old-fashioned all-virtuous hero—to the admiring Cavaliere of the Order of SS. Maurice and Lazarus who writes the book. Even the Duce's slight difference in point of view from the Vatican where the Church is concerned, is found to be quite as it should be—for both sides. And such a nice boy he is—perfectly charming. One cannot escape the thought of Little Lord Fauntleroy.

Mr. Robertson deliberately refrains from controversy. He presents no argument on the many disputed points in regard to Mussolini's character and work. He merely gives "the main facts of his life" so that "each can thus form his own judgment regarding him." Yet he is unable to exclude a considerable amount of judgment of his own. For example, we start with this: "In the second part of his life he is the ardent democrat, uniting the workman and the employer, the tenant and the proprietor, the servant and the master, in a common brotherhood, so that in Italy there is no longer any class warfare, there are no longer strikes and lockouts, but all work harmoniously together. It is no longer 'each for himself,' but 'each for all' and 'all for each'—'each helping each,' the highest good to gain! And all in subjection to the State, the supreme good and greatness of which all are seeking to promote."

More than that. "Again, Mussolini saved England and America from a concerted Bolshevist attack planned by Lenin."

If this is stating merely facts, so that "each can form his own judgment," there will have to be a long preliminary discussion as to what facts are and as to what are the facts, before we can proceed to judgment. In order to appreciate the good that

(*Continued on page 287*)

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The Reader's Guide

CONDUCTED BY MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

R. M. D., Dayton, Ohio, asks for books to help satisfy a growing interest in architecture. "Since it seems but too true that be it ever so Spanish there's no place like home," he says, "I think books on foreign types would help, and plenty of illustrations will be an aid." This interest has arisen through the action of the real estate business.

EVER since "The Significance of the Fine Arts" was published by Marshall Jones for the Committee on Education of the American Institute of Architects, I have been strongly recommending it as a starting point for such study of architectural types as makes possible a layman's greater appreciation and enjoyment. This book is a collection of essays on sculpture, painting, music, city planning, and landscape design in relation to the architecture of every period, including our own. Illustrated at every important point and developing its idea in lucid and non-technical language, it is one of the books that help an ordinary person to get more out of his life. For a reader who, like this one, would go further with his reading there are good book lists in this book, but since it was published a number of informal guides have appeared. "The A.B.C. of Architecture," by C. Matlack Price (Dutton), will interest one with leanings toward this profession; it has many drawings in the text and describes the use of instruments and the like. "Architecture," by A. L. N. Russell, just published by Dutton, is a pleasantly written rapid survey of history and principles. "How to Study Architecture," by C. H. Caffin (Dodd, Mead), is an earlier popular handbook. "Architectural Style," by A. Trystan Edwards (Faber & Gwyer), tells in non-technical language why certain buildings are or are not works of art, and shows it in pictures. This is by the author of "Good and Bad Manners in Architecture." W. L. Lethaby's "Architecture" (Holt) is in the Home University Library, a much condensed, but reliable and readable history. "The Architect in History," by M. S. Briggs (Oxford University Press), shows the place held by individual architects in Greece, Rome, the Middle Ages, the Renaissance in Italy, France, and England, and the nineteenth century, with their remuneration, methods of work, and other matters of high social interest. "The Essence of Architecture," by William R. Greeley (Van Nostrand), is rather for those who have already not only acquantaince but opinions on the subject.

Leaving beginners' books and guides to appreciation and coming to the full-sized histories, one holds its own for edition after edition, the remarkable "History of Architecture on the Comparative Method," for students, craftsmen, and amateurs, by Sir Banister Fletcher (Scribner), which costs twelve dollars, and if that seems a large price, do look at the book and see what you get. Nothing for the purpose can quite match this, nor are indeed any of the other histories prepared along its lines, but where price comes in question, Kimball and Edgell's, which costs $3.75, makes an excellent reference work—it has made one in my library for some time—and Russell Sturgis's "Short History of Architecture in Europe" (Macmillan) is authoritative, scholarly—and inexpensive.

Several of these books, indeed most of them, take into consideration the newer tendencies in building, whether in Barcelona, Berlin, the suburbs of Paris, or the business districts of New York. But these are rapidly forming a literature of their own, and one that holds high explosive possibilities for the lay mind. The loudest bang comes from the books of Le Corbusier in France, whose "Towards a New Architecture" is published in an English translation by Payson & Clarke. One who can read unmoved this staccato, spasmodic manifesto, must either be uncommonly lethargic, or, like Mr. Wells, hold that the arts are decorations or excrescences on civilization, not part of its structure. Le Corbusier's effect is great for anyone beginning to take life too easily and stiffening in the muscles with which one fights for causes lost or otherwise; he may make you angry enough to contradict all he says and leave you somehow disposed to think there may be a great deal in what he has been saying. "New Backgrounds for a New Age," by Edwin Avery Park (Harcourt, Brace) shows how these and other foreign forces are at work in our own country as well as abroad, and G. H. Edgell's "The American Architecture of To-day" (Scribner) includes them and brings them into more harmonious relations with what has gone before. This is the most thoroughgoing treatment that the subject of American present-day architecture received in this country.

The layman can no longer keep out of the architectural movement without keeping out of all the great cities of the world. Germany snaps and crackles with creative energy; now that the scaffoldings that went up all over Paris directly after the great Exposition of Decorative Arts in 1925 have at last come down, the new shop-fronts stand out in all the glory of "starkness" and polished metal. Out toward Passy the rue Mallet-Stevens challenges the eye: no one who goes to Paris should miss that sight, even though he may have to drive over half the city looking for it, cabmen being no authorities on the *avant-garde.* For never did four small houses unsettle so many minds on the principles of domestic architecture. And in New York, as Mr. Edgell says, the Shelton at dusk is as impressive as Gibraltar. A New Yorker who does not know that anything architecturally important is in progress must spend all his time in the subway.

B. W. M., New York, asks for books about cartoons, not only on their technique, but anything about their history and psychology.

"PRACTICAL Graphic Figures," by E. G. Lutz (Scribner), is intended for self-instruction in the drawing of figures for fashions, advertisements, and comics, provided one has already drawn from casts and the life; it may be used in connection with the author's "Practical Drawing" (Scribner), a beginner's book about the fundamentals of charcoal and pen and ink drawings and water-color painting. "Practical Illustration," by John D. Whiting (Harper), is for one whose work is to be published as posters, advertisements, calendars, or in the illustration of books; it is especially useful for its explanation of trade processes of reproduction, many of the illustrations being in color. "Poster Design," by Charles Matlack Price (Bricka), is a standard work on the art of the poster in Europe, England, and the United States, with many illustrations in color and photographs.

Bohun Lynch's "A History of Caricature" (Little, Brown) is a treasury not only for one especially interested in this department of the graphic arts, but for anyone fascinated by records of social history and the ideals and prejudices of the human mind. It is a large and finely illustrated book and costs six dollars and a half. Joseph Pennell's "The Graphic Arts" (University of Chicago: $5) includes in its vigorous lectures on etching, lithography, and woodcutting some peppery and salutary remarks on the producers of comic supplements. Oliver Herford's "Confessions of a Caricaturist" (Scribner) is made up of pictures of the great, each with a characteristic Herfordian rhyme. Three volumes of Raemaeker's "Cartoon History of the War" are published by the Century Company; Nelan's "Cartoons of Our War with Spain" (Stokes) is out of print, but may be found in second-hand catalogues; indeed, this subject is one that cannot be documented properly without continual reference to these alluring pamphlets.

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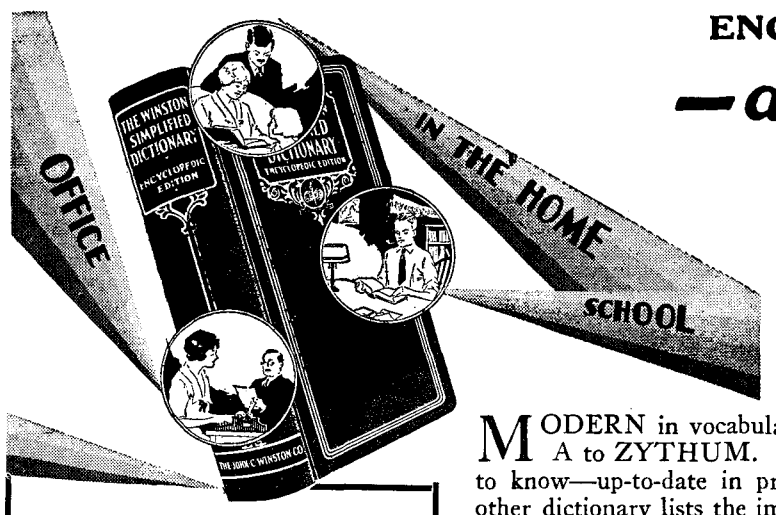

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A De Vinne Exhibition

THIS being the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Theodore Low De Vinne, the Grolier Club, of which he was one of the founders, and to which he gave so much care and for which he printed so many important books, has arranged an exhibition which will cover all of his manifold activities—his own printing, his contributions to the literature and history of printing, his association with the Century Company, his connection with the practical minutiæ of the printing-office, etc., etc. De Vinne was born on December 25, 1828, and the Club proposes to open the exhibition in November. Further detailed notice of the plans will be given when they have been more completely formulated. R.

The Nonesuch Programme

AN apparently belated prospectus of the Nonesuch Press is at hand from Random House, New York, the American agents. At the risk of threshing old straw, I want to comment upon it.

This small list represents what I have before referred to in this department—charm in printing. Set up in the same premises at 16 Great James Street, London, as one or two others of the Nonesuch books (for while most of the Nonesuch books are printed by trade printers, some of them are really set in type by the Press itself) and set in a pre-Caslon roman, this piece of printing has something of the quality which can alone come from the most intimate association of writer and compositor. There are little quirks in composition which no commercial printer can or will take time to do. Whether they are justified or not is unimportant: what is important is that the result has a freshness and vigor which no machine can give.

But after all, the real pleasure of Nonesuch books is that one gets so much value not alone in typography, but in worth-while contents. And this announcement is intended to suggest the plans of the Press for several years to come. This seems the more sensible in view of the multiplicity of small presses now, with no very clearly defined fields of activity, and the possibility that two of them will unwittingly issue the same book at the same time.

Among the books noted in this list for issuance in the future are: a Don Quixote, the works of Plato and the works of Chaucer (none of these yet open to subscription), a new Shakespeare, based largely on the first folio, but reprinting ten of the quartos as well, North's Plutarch, Dr. William Harvey's De Motu Cordis, selected poems of Thomas Beedome, Poems and Prose of John Donne, Isaac Walton's Works, now for the first time collected, etc. Altogether the 1928 "Prospectus" of the Nonesuch Press is worth preserving both for its matter and its manner. R.

Exhibit of Children's Books

THE Public Library in Newark, N. J., is showing during the months of September and October a collection of children's books owned by Mr. Wilbur Macey Stone, covering four centuries of publication. A hand-book has been prepared for the exhibition, in which Mr. Stone notes briefly but readably the different printers, publishers and series of these books, and gives some reproductions from old sources. R.

The Word Bibliophile

THE *Compleat Collector* has been asked by R. E. B., Springfield, Mass., to give the accepted pronunciation of *Bibliophile*. In common with many persons whom I have consulted, I have always used the French pronunciation *bibliopheel*. But there appears to be no warrant in any English dictionary for such a pronunciation. The New English Dictionary gives *bibliophil*, with a preferred spelling not using the final *e*. Webster, Winston (with the authority of the Editor of the *Saturday Review of Literature*), Standard, and Century, all give either *bibliophile* or *bibliophil*. One can thus take his choice, but it would seem that the French pronunciation has no standing for English-speaking persons. R.

Arthur Upson Room

UNIVERSITY of Minnesota Library has recently issued in an edition of three hundred copies a carefully printed volume entitled "The Arthur Upson Room," edited and compiled by Miss Ruth S. Phelps, Associate Professor of Romance Languages in the University. Arthur Upson's memory is perpetuated in this room, which has been built and decorated and furnished by an anonymous donor. In it are placed about two thousand volumes of standard literature, such as will tempt men to reading. The present volume contains four addresses delivered at the opening of the Room on February 21, 1925, a picture of the Room in the University Library, two poems on Upson and the Room, and a short-title list of the books. It is a fitting memorial in printed form of the poet and the donor of what must be a fortunate addition to the undergraduate life of the University. R.

Recent English Catalogues

BIRELL AND GARNETT, 30, Gerrard Street, London, W.1.
General catalogue number 20: Philosophy and Mathematics; Drama; English Literature (mainly 17th century); Periodicals; Modern Presses.

P. J. and A. E. Dobell, 8, Bruton Street, New Bond Street, London.
Catalogue number 79: Beckford's "Popular Tales of the Germans," 1791; Collins's "Oriental Eclogues," 1757, the Edmund Gosse copy; Dryden's "Tyrannick Love," 1670; Prior's "Fable of the Widow and her Cat," 1711, the only copy known of this edition; and a section of autograph letters.

Maggs Brothers, 34, Conduit Street, London.
Catalogue number 510: Autograph letters and Historical Documents. A catalogue that necessitates reading in order to be appreciated at its full value.

J. D. Miller, 9, Lynton Road, Kilburn, London, N.W.6.
Catalogue number 22: Modern first editions; Association copies; Art; Travel, Biography, and Juveniles.

James Tregaskis and Son, 66, Great Russell Street, London.
Caxton Head catalogue number 958: Books about books; Bibliographies, including three of Mr. Thomas J. Wise's; Bookbinding; Book-illustration and engraving; Bookselling and publishing; Library catalogues, including a complete set of the "Bibliotheca Lindesiana"; Librarianship and Book-collecting; Printing and papermaking.

Henry Young and Sons, 12 South Castle Street, Liverpool.
Catalogue number 525: General books. These catalogues are, as a rule, consistently interesting and worth-while.

Dealer's Catalogues

James F. Drake, 14 West 40th Street, New York City.
Catalogue number 199: Chiefly 19th century books. Presentation Thomas Bailey Aldrichs; Max Beerbohm; Jeffery Farnol's "Broad Highway," 1910, at $12.50; Owen Meredith's "Lucile," 1860, at $12.50; Sir Walter Scott; Thackeray; Trollope's "He Knew He Was Right" and "The Vicar of Bullhampton" in the original parts; Oscar Wilde. Many of the books have interesting A.L.S. laid in.

Walter M. Hill, 25 West Washington Street, Chicago.
Catalogue number 120: A Check-List catalogue of first editions of English Authors; Bibliophile Society, Grolier Club, Ashendene, Doves, Kelmscott, Nonesuch Presses, and Bruce Rogers. An exceedingly well-done catalogue, somewhat marred by typographical errors.

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List 219: Selections from the library of the late H. B. Opdyke, consisting of early American Travel and Exploration; Local and state history; American Revolution; Standard and miscellaneous books.

Jake Zeitlin, 567 South Hope Street, Los Angeles, California.

Catalogue number 1: Western Americana; Modern first editions.

THE following quotation from Mr. Thomas J. Wise's "A Conrad Library" presents a point of view as well as an attitude of mind that is particularly unusual at this time. Mr. Wise is describing a pamphlet of eight pages by Conrad, called "To my Brethren of the Pen," privately printed in this country in 1927, of which three pages are blank: "Since his death, Conrad has been mercilessly exploited, but this pamphlet is one of the most impudent examples of exploitation I have yet encountered. It professes to have been privately printed, but in fact one hundred and fifty copies were produced, and these were apparently sold at the extortionate price of two guineas each, —at least that is the amount I paid for my copy. Forty-two shillings for some sixty or so short lines of large type! Fortunately no collector need trouble to encumber his shelves with such rubbish. The pamphlet is not a legitimate 'Conrad First Edition,' and may quite well be ignored even by the most persistent seeker of ephemeral Conradiana. It was printed without the authority of Conrad's executors, who alone own and control the copyright in his letters . . . . My sole reason for purchasing the unsightly scrap was that I might be in a position to describe it, and warn collectors against it.

"The title of the pamphlet is grossly misleading. The one letter which forms its text was not addressed by Conrad to his 'Brethren of the Pen.' It was addressed to a correspondent who had evidently approached the writer in the hope of extracting useful 'copy.' In this endeavor he failed, though he has made the most he could of the trivial note he received."

There can be no question of Mr. Wise's importance as a bibliographer: his catalogue of his own library will always be a model of accurate, careful, and conscientious work. His statements, therefore, must be taken seriously, and must be looked upon as authoritative. It is a pleasure to find at least one privately printed pamphlet that has been condemned by so eminent an authority.

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To CHRISTOPHER MORLEY goes *The Inner Sanctum's* laurel-laden rejection-slip-cover for the QUIP-OF-THE-MONTH. He referred to PROFESSOR WALTER B. PITKIN'S new book *The Twilight of the American Mind* as *Gogetterdaemmerung.*

For months the editorial staff and the high-pressure sloganeers flogged their wits trying to devise the perfect title for the *Pitkin* opus, and for a while it looked as though America's major cultural crisis was coming earlier than 1975. Here are a few of the candidates considered:

The Future of America's Best Minds
What Price Brains?
The Coming Crisis of Leisure
The Passing of the Intellectual Classes
The Impasse of Intelligence

No wonder HARRY HANSEN had to devote two full columns to *The Twilight of the American Mind* on successive days.

Last week *The Inner Sanctum* did its utmost to restrain the buying frenzy for ARTHUR SCHNITZLER'S first full-length novel in twenty years, *Theresa, The Chronicle of a Woman's Life* . . . .but, alas for the harried printers and binders, to no avail. One convivial department store came to the rescue by cutting its order (at the sales manager's behest) from 500 copies to 250, but that accommodating curtailment only intensified the demand from other sources.

These lines are written in the scarlet woodland of a perfect Long Island October, and what could be more appropriate, therefore, than this quotation from a Ludwig Lewisohn letter about *Theresa*?

Nothing, to begin with, can exceed the smooth, firm beauty of SCHNITZLER'S *style and technique. What one may call, if one likes, the Flaubertian novel is here practiced in its ultimate perfection. The story of* THERESA, *as a whole, is an elegy, enormously disguised, on the days of* SCHNITZLER'S *youth. This is the Vienna, this the Salzburg of the days of the Empire. Life had a new Pagan elegance, an autumnal charm. The chill winds of the harsh dawn of a new world blow angrily about the aging master. He remembers his youth.*

Renunciation can be carried too far. The time has come when *Bambi* and *Show Girl* must respectively leap a deer-like leap and hot-foot it into the chaste sanctuary of this column. FELIX SALTEN and JOSEPH PATRICK MCEVOY continue to run a close race in the best-seller arena. In total sales to-date (they were published only a fortnight apart) *Bambi* is still something like forty thousand copies ahead of *Show Girl*, but in current rate of sales, the evening of Dixie Dugan is outstripping the afternoon of a fawn:

COPIES SOLD LAST WEEK

Show Girl	1709
Bambi	1104

Show Girl is now being translated for publication in Austria, Germany, Denmark, Sweden and England.

One of the 85,000 advantages of having a book selected by *The Book-of-the-Month Club* is the fact that the committee of award concocts such thoroughly satisfactory and frequently irresistible blurbs. Even a "recommended" book which doesn't attain the majestic status of the actual monthly selection rates a potent description by one of the judges. This month two publications of *The Inner Sanctum* are listed and characterized in the *Book-of-the-Month Club News: John Wesley*, by ABRAM LIPSKY, which DOROTHY CANFIELD calls "enchantingly disinterested," and *The Friend of Jesus* which CHRISTOPHER MORLEY calls a work "of singular beauty and power, cast in a rhythmical prose of lovely simplicity and tenderness, similar in cadence to the familiar King James version."

—ESSANDESS

Prophets in Their Own Country

No. 2—OSKAR MARIA GRAF

Oskar Maria Graf was born in 1894, the son of a Bavarian baker. After working as elevator boy, miller, baker, and post-office assistant, he fought in the great war and was involved in the Eisner revolution of 1918. He became known for his stories of village life and in 1927 his frank autobiography, *Prisoners All*, brought him fame. Thomas Mann said of it: "For a long time I have not been so completely captured, astounded, and overwhelmed by any book as by this personal record. *Prisoners All* is published by Alfred A. Knopf. Price $4.00

THOSE who admire the beautiful decoration that adorns the jacket and is stamped into the cover of *Leonard Bacon's* latest book of poetry, "The Legend of Quincibald," may be interested to know that it was drawn by his wife, *Martha Stringham Bacon.* Mrs. Bacon has been doing beautiful work in line and water color for years, work that should be much widelier known. She is also a talented violinist. . .

Mr. Bacon's new poem, an odyssey of the spirit, gathers force superbly through its three divisions, rises to and sustains impressive intensity. Its main rhythm is a peculiar metrical discovery of the author's, a flexible medium, but to our ear often difficult. Here, however, is a genuine gift of poetic language. The pilgrimage inside the soul of man, with all its absurd nightmares, its abysses, its ravaged search for beauty and truth, its ineffable transient attainment, is symbolically set forth with a remarkable range of understanding. Without doing what Mr. Bacon warns us against in his introduction, torturing "the symbolism into allegory, and the allegory into . . . plain English," there is matter here for almost infinite thought. The poem testifies for us all. As for the lyrical passages, they are most beautiful, particularly moving being the threnody at the end, particularly right and thrilling the poem's conclusion. This writing has unflagging pinions. When a poet can sing, as does this one, of a bird's beautiful flight for one instant seen in a California canyon,

Up on the mountain
As I stood,
Where the wind-fountain
Poureth her flood,
I scarce knew whether
Flashed the blue feather,
So flamed together
Brain and blood,

he is a lyrical poet born, and of high distinction. It is not strange that the author of that striking lyrical sequence "Animula Vagula," should again have achieved. But we are glad to bear witness to the fact that he has. In earlier work he made his mark as a satirist of extraordinary virtuosity. He has now completely demonstrated his title to poet. This is written upon the eve of his departure with his family to sojourn in Italy near Florence. There we hope he will find the opportunity to plan and execute many more volumes. He is one of the lately-arrived American writers our literature can ill spare. . . .

Hugo Wast has been elected a member of the Royal Spanish Academy. He has just returned to Paris from Spain, and reports that he found an invitation from the Japanese Government to attend the Feast of the Coronation, which he had to decline because his family of eleven children inconveniently contracted the grippe. . . .

After several months' deliberation in seclusion, *Robert Benchley* has decided upon a title for his new book, which will be published in November by Henry Holt and Company. The book will be called "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea, or David Copperfield." If you are puzzled, in view of the coming election, as to the differences between the Republican and Democratic parties, here is a paragraph from Mr. Benchley's coming opus which makes it all just as clear as what have you:

During the early years of our political history the Republican Party was the Democratic Party, or, if you choose, the Democratic Party was the Republican Party. This led naturally to a good deal of confusion, especially in the Democratic Party's getting the Republican Party's mail; so it was decided to call the Republicans "Democrats" and be done with it. The Federalist Party (then located at the corner of Broad and Walnut Streets and known as "The Swedish Nightingale") became, through the process of Natural Selection and a gradual dropping off of its rudimentary tail, the Republica Party as we know it today.

We have been puzzling over a page from the Inner Sanctum of Simon and Schuster, which appeared lately in the *Publishers' Weekly*. The writer of this page inveighs against the practice of publishing special Fall Book Numbers, Christmas book numbers, and the like. The S. R. L. had just had one, and perhaps for that reason we are sensitive. But the argument seems to us a thought strange. In the Fall Announcement Number of the *Publishers' Weekly*, it appears, Simon and Schuster, by their own admission, inserted "a routine ad, gotten up in a hurry because the man whose job it it was to write it was away from the office, and at the last minute Something Had to Be Done." Therefore it is claimed that special numbers are the bunk, and it is written, "*The Inner Sanctum* hopes in the future it will be strong enough to resist social and business pressure, and Keep Out Altogether if it can't get up an ad, with news that will click." Well, after all, that is nobody's business but the Inner Sanctum's. If it can't "get up an ad. with news that will click" (and what an extraordinary assemblage of words that is!) it is too bad, but hardly the fault of Special Fall Announcement Numbers, or Special Fourth of July Numbers, or any of the rest of them. We have frequently made vows to resist all social and business pressure to do any work because we felt absolutely unclicking, and we have denounced this idle habit of people working in offices. We hoped we were made of sterner stuff. But the people we consulted refused to see that we were accomplishing much except chewing off our own nose. . . .

We have been reading at "Cock Pit" by *James Gould Cozzens,* a William Morrow and Company book. It is good work. Mr. Cozzens thoroughly knows his Cuba, his people are alive, he tells an interesting story. It is the kind of book the late Frank Norris would have liked, "up his street." Cozzens may develop into a first-rater. He has real endowments as a writer. . . .

Now that the vacation season is over, the *Walt Whitman* Memorial Committee wants its plans to go forward in connection with the organization of a permanent committee for the erection of the proposed monument of Walt Whitman in Prospect Park. Consequently they recently held a luncheon at the Brooklyn Chamber of Commerce, where no funds were solicited but advice and counsel was taken. . . .

Margaret Leech, now *Mrs. Ralph Pulitzer,* returned from a honeymoon abroad just as her new novel was published by Horace Liveright. If you discovered for yourself how excellent were her former novels, "The Back of The Book" and "Tin Wedding," you will wish to read the new one, the title of which is, "The Feathered Nest." It deals with a middle-aged woman whose life centered upon her three children, and who found herself suddenly confronted with an emotional conflict that threatened to destroy all she had lived for. . . .

John Masefield's new book, just out through Macmillan, is called "Midsummer Night" and contains new versions of the Arthurian legends. Many of the poems are based on the less familiar stories of the cycle, telling of the love of Uther and Ygerna, of Arthur's conflicts with pirates, of the fight on the wall between Lancelot and the king's twelve knights, and of the trial of Guenivere. . . .

Duffield is publishing a play written by *William Gerhardi.* It is called "Perfectly Scandalous" and is all about a woman-reformer. The scene is laid in the Tyrol. The characters are, as one would expect, polyglots. Negotiations are under way for a possible presentation of the play at the Old Rialto Theatre in Hoboken that Christopher Morley and others have given a new lease of life. . . .

The Poet's Guild, with years of activity to its credit, opens another season freshly housed in enlarged quarters at 147 Avenue B, with carved bookshelves for its Unbound Anthology, with more ample space for its Lyric Theatre and with its Winged Torch its presiding emblem, as always. There will be, as usual, poets' readings from time to time, dramatic presentations of lyric poems, according to the seasons, and other programs to be announced to its large circle of friends. . . .

The Vanguard Press has taken over the work of *M. P. Shiel.* "How the Old Woman Got Home" has just been republished by them. We have heard Carl Van Vechten, for one, wax most enthusiastic over Shiel's work in the past. . . .

And so adieu.

THE PHOENICIAN.

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By EDWIN B. COPELAND

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The New Books

International

(*Continued from page 282*)

Mussolini has accomplished, it is not necessary to go to such extravagant lengths. There is ample philosophy to justify his aims and his methods without ascribing to him all the virtues of all philosophies. It is surely a misuse of words to acclaim him as a great democrat, who has so often denounced democracy as social degeneration. And if Mussolini himself would not stick his tongue in his cheek, many others in Italy would, on reading such a passage as this: "What a marvelous thing it is that this social peace, this recognition of a common brotherhood of all classes, with which Italy is now blessed, is due to him who, for years, by speech and writing, did more than any other man to frustrate it, namely, Mussolini."

It is too late in the day for such a book as this. Even the more serious attempts at appraisal have not yet resulted in anything like an adequate estimate. Why go back to the beginning? Why throw to the winds even such discrimination as has been given us?

THE TRAGEDY OF GREECE. By S. P. P. COSMETATOS. Brentano's. 1928. $4.50.

The defense of the character, motives, and policies of the late King Constantine, of Greece, almost inevitably involves attacks on the conduct of Lloyd George and his British associates, of the French Governments and of the Greek premier, Venizelos. Seldom, however, is such severe, almost violent, criticism made so convincing by quotations from public documents, and private memoirs and letters. Refutation would require access to the archives of various governments and prolonged research, such as has evidently been made in this case.

There has been a growing feeling that Greece was not fairly treated in the Great War, and especially during the subsequent war with Turkey for the possession of Western Anatolia. Its defeat, through the lack of support from the Great Powers which encouraged the attempt to conquer the regions inhabited by Greeks in Asia Minor, was followed by political chaos at home and by the strain of being forced to provide for and assimilate some 1,350,000 refugees from Turkey. This required assistance from the League of Nations, and the American "Near East Relief" rendered invaluable aid.

The motives of Great Britain, France, and Italy are shown in the most sordid light, as being dominated by economic and political imperialism, international jealousies, and a lust for territorial aggrandizement, using Greece as a pawn in the game. The unwillingness of the other European Powers to permit either Great Britain or Russia to dominate Constantinople, either directly or through one of the Balkan states, is well known to have been one of the main diplomatic forces in world policies for the last century, especially since the Crimean War, and is probably largely responsible for the withdrawal of the French from Cilicia and of the Italians from southwestern Anatolia.

The effect of the interaction of these different factors upon Greece was, in the opinion of the author, responsible for most of the misfortunes of his country.

He makes the serious mistake, however, of making no allowance, in his accusation, either for honest mistakes of judgment on the part of the statesmen concerned, or for genuine patriotism in guarding the interests of their own countries. This detracts somewhat from the confidence which might be placed in his assertions that the men whose actions he condemns were always actuated by the worst of motives.

The book is certainly worth reading by anyone who desires to gain a reliable comprehension of the Great War, since it presents a side of the question which is usually ignored or glossed over, but which is entitled to a fair consideration on its merits. The style is unusually readable, even eloquent in places.

JAPANESE ALL. By J. INGRAM BRYAN. Dutton. 1928. $2.50.

Mr. Bryan was a "professor for sixteen years in Japanese colleges," and his studies of Japanese life are quite from the inside. He writes of the curious population of the Tokio canals; of Japanese objections to kissing, national love of flowers, and superabundance of insects; of ceremonious hospitality and scented food; of actors, conductors, policemen, and other minor officials; of judges who are not so bad on the whole, and of a society of patriotic assassins called *The Genyosha*, which produces at least a tendency to circumspection on the part of officials. Composing poetry is very general, and of course most of it mediocre, but its ideal is condensation and suggestion. A Japanese earthquake feels like a kick from beneath, and they average in Tokio about four a day. The national game is wrestling. There are in Japan more priests and temples per square acre than in any other country in the world.

OUR CUBAN COLONY. By LELAND H. JENKS. Vanguard. 1928. $1.

THE BANKERS IN BOLIVIA. By MARGARET A. MARSH. The same.

Not the least important peculiarity of these Vanguard Press books—the two studies just offered were preceded by Professor Knight's account of the Americans in Santo Domingo—is their price. They are what they are announced to be—"studies"—and they present, in readable shape, a lot of authoritative information, backed up by dates and figures, at the nominal price of one dollar.

Cuba and Bolivia are examples, so far as these observers are concerned, of the process of economical absorption of one country by another. In Cuba, rich, populous, prosperous, the process has gone much further than it has in Bolivia, poor, sparsely settled, and so anxious for foreign capital that it will accept it on almost any terms.

The Cuban countryman no longer has anything to fear from the supposed danger of annexation—and "the senators from seventeen beet-sugar states will be vigilant guardians of our national conscience in this respect." He is better off, as the contemporary world usually reckons such things, than he was before 1898. But he has exchanged his comparatively pastoral world, and the freedom that went with it, for a position as cog in a great industrial enterprise (big-scale sugar-making) which supplies him with wages, a house, and in a less concrete sense with education, recreation, and bread. "His future is not his own. It is determined for him from a director's room in New York." And as Professor Jenks points out, the same thing is true of much of our own South, and it is doubtful if the Cuban isn't more the master of his fate than the Gulf State American farmer.

In Bolivia, remote, shut away in its Andean highlands, with its downtrodden brown mass driven by its own *mestizo* majority, the lines of the picture stand out in rougher lines. Until the 1947 bonds are retired, Bolivian economies will be controlled practically by a Permanent Fiscal Commission, of which two of the three members are American. Marines are not likely to figure in the forthcoming story—Bolivia is too far away, and has no seaport, amongst other reasons. But that more subtle sort of "imperialism," which consists in getting control of the resources of a country through loans and a virtual receivership, pending the payment of principal and interest, seems likely, the author implies, to pursue its usual course.

Both books are written from what might loosely be called an anti-imperialistic point of view, but as Professor Jenks observes, nobody knows just what anybody else means by that term, and in any case, these little volumes present a mass of objective fact which can't be lightly dismissed whatever the reader's predispositions may be.

THAT UNTRAVELL'D WORLD. Groton, Mass. Groton School. 1928.

Chinese enthusiasts often urge that Chinese culture should be taught in American schools and this volume is an attempt of eleven students interested in China to give a summary of Chinese history, literature, art, and religion in such a manner as to attract young people to read for their own pleasure standard books on the Orient, chosen from a well selected bibliography at the end of each chapter. As might be expected from such collaboration, the sections vary greatly. The biography of "The Great Dowager" is like a good Japanese drawing, producing an effect with a few masterly strokes which compels the admiration even of a serious student of Chinese history. The historical accounts are well selected in the manner which makes Mr. Gowen's histories so excellent. It is always difficult to write condensed articles on art, literature, and culture, but these are fairly adequate.

The interpretation, however, of the relations between China and other nations, is the least satisfactory portion of this work, which is otherwise so successful. The selection of incidents, even of adjectives, often gives a mistaken impression, as in the case of extra-territoriality and foreign administration of customs and justice. This is probably due to the fact that the references include a large percentage of authors who are either young Chinese, extremely pro-Chinese, or are radicals like Bertrand Russell, Nathaniel Peffer, and Upton Close. It is evident that too much care cannot be exercised in avoiding implanting prejudices in youth which it will be difficult to eradicate later. The alteration of a few pages would make the book wholly admirable for its purpose.

Juvenile

(*The Children's Bookshop will appear next week.*)

THE FOSSIL FOUNTAIN. By *Arthur Mason* and *Mary Frank*. Doubleday, Doran. $1.75 net.

JULIETTE LOW AND THE GIRL SCOUTS. Edited by *Anne Hyde Choate* and *Helen Ferris*. Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.

UPSTAIRS DOWNSTAIRS. By *Edith Bishop Sherman*. Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.

A PRINCESS COMES TO OUR TOWN. By *Rose Fyleman*. Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.

A PAIR OF ROVERS. By *John Lesterman*. Harcourt, Brace. $2.

LENAPE TRAILS. By *Clifton Lisle*. Harcourt, Brace. $2.

THE LITTLE PEOPLE OF THE HILLS. By *Florence Choate* and *Elizabeth Curtis*. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.

TREASURE OF CARCASSONERE. By *A. Robida*. Longmans. $2.

BOGA THE ELEPHANT. By *"K.O.S."* Macmillan $2.50.

NARIO'S CASTLE. By *Helen Forbes*. Macmillan. $1.75.

ANDY BREAKS TRAIL. By *Constance Lindsay Skinner*. Macmillan. $1.75.

THE RED ROSE OF DUNMORE. By *Hawthorne Daniel*. Macmillan. $2.

THE NURNBERG STOVE. By *Ouida*. Macmillan. $1.

LITTLE DOG TOBY. By *Rachel Field*. Macmillan.

THE SHORT SWORD. By *V. M. Irwin*. Macmillan. $1.75.

THE TRUMPETER OF KRAKOW. By *Eric P. Kelly*. Macmillan. $2.50.

"OLD" JIM BRIDGER. By *Edwin L. Sabin*. Crowell. $2 net.

Recent Borzoi Books

A Variety of Things

By MAX BEERBOHM

"So full of a number of treasures that it is difficult to know which to tell about . . . . Here are fantastic moral tales and fairy stories, an essay on Venice and one on caricature, a superb parody of the prose of Henry James, a play, a memoir of two imaginary friends . . . ."—Henry Hazlitt, in *The New York Sun*. $3.00

GRIMHAVEN

By Robert Joyce Tasker

"A notable, a keen and intensely moving account of what happens to a man in prison . . . . Deliberately, grimly, Robert Joyce Tasker has chosen to analyze himself, his feeling toward the world and the prison, and to write about what goes on there."—Harry Hansen, in *The New York World*. $3.00

TRENCK

The Love Story of a Favourite

By BRUNO FRANK

"A vivid unforgettable picture of the love of Baron von Friederich von de Trenck for Amelia, sister of the King . . . Although a tale of love, fascinating in its first sweet flowering, pathetic and tragic in its sorrowful termination, *Trenck* is permeated with the essence and soul of Frederick."—*Baltimore Sun*. $2.50

Also by Bruno Frank: *The Days of the King*.

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A first novel of great distinction dealing with three generations on a New Hampshire farm. "A novel of a single clean thrust, by virtue of the dominance of its theme, the assured presentation of its characters in their relation to each other and the environment; the simplicity and economy of its narrative done with a hand that never wavers or falters."—*The New Republic*. $2.50

The Devil's Shadow

By FRANK THIESS

The Devil's Shadow presents, in the adventures of Caspar Müller, the most complete picture that has yet been drawn of Germany during the post-War inflation period. It is an astonishingly vivid portrayal of an entire social order, by turns bewildered, despairing, and cynical, dancing on the fresh grave of its own aspirations. $3.00

Also by Frank Thiess: *The Gateway to Life*.

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By RICARDA HUCH

A novel of Garibaldi and his times by Germany's foremost woman writer. "She too, reads swiftly and surely, not untenderly, the hearts and souls of her people, and they stand before me as veritable reincarnations. She has a wonderful gift of language . . . . It is a graphic and gripping story."—*Baltimore Sun*. $3.00

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By KNUT HAMSUN

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By Stephen Vincent Benét

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INTO THE ABYSS
by John Knittel

Translated by its young author from the German, this powerful novel of the peasants in the Swiss Alps introduces a new genius comparable to Hardy and Hamsun. Dr. Joseph Collins writes: "'Into the Abyss' is far and away the best novel of the year. I fancy that Flaubert would not have been ashamed to father it. Thérèse is as finished a portrait as Madame Bovary." $2.50

MONEY FOR NOTHING
by P. G. Wodehouse

Scene: the village of Rudge-in-the-Vale, where the sight of "a cat stropping its backbone against the Jubilee Watering Trough" and "some flies doing deep-breathing exercises on the hot window sills" are the chief excitement till the funniest Wodehouse characters of the funniest Wodehouse novel get to work. Right-ho, pip-pip, it's a wow! $2

AT THE SOUTH GATE
by Grace S. Richmond

This is the glowing, heartening story of two homes—one rich, one poor . . . Pride was a luxury that Michael and Anne could not afford. So they moved into the little house, at the South Gate, near the great mansion of the Braithwaites. And between the two homes fate spun a story . . . and the author of *Red Pepper Burns* and *Lights Up* tells it as her finest yet. $2

BLACK COUNTRY
by Bruce Beddow

Hugh Walpole discovered this young English author, and says of *Black Country*: "Very remarkable indeed . . . The best novel about the English miner that I have ever read after Lawrence, but it is not all grit and gloom. In its character drawing it is exceptional. The central figure I shall never forget." $2.50

SERGEANT YORK
His Life Story and War Diary
Edited by Tom Skeyhill

Sergeant York, husky Tennessee mountaineer, whipped an entire German machine gun battalion, killing 28, capturing 35 guns and 132 prisoners. After the war he refused amazing offers to write, to lecture, to go in the movies. Today he tells his stirring life story because he needs funds for his mountain school, and every reader will shout "This is a man!" $2.50

Official lists of best-sellers are always interesting to publishers, and we believe that they are equally valuable to readers as a handy guide to books of proven popularity. Among the 25 best-selling novels in the country, according to the latest survey of the Publishers' Weekly, are THE FOOLISH VIRGIN, by Kathleen Norris [$2]; THE AGE OF REASON, by Philip Gibbs [$2]; TWO FLIGHTS UP, by Mary Roberts Rinehart [$2]; BITTER HERITAGE, by Margaret Pedler [$2]; WINTERSMOON, by Hugh Walpole [$2]; . . . In non-fiction, our figures show heavy demand for Rudyard Kipling's new book, A BOOK OF WORDS [$3]; H. G. Wells' "blue prints for a world revolution" in THE OPEN CONSPIRACY [$2]; the heroism, chivalry adventure and humor of COUNT LUCKNER THE SEA DEVIL [$2.50]; and as Election Day draws nearer, M. R. Werner's highly-praised history, TAMMANY HALL [$5] . . . Of the new fiction, these books seem headed for wide popularity, judging from the growing weekly sales: Mathilde Eiker's brilliant and sophisticated novel, THE LADY OF STAINLESS RAIMENT [$2.50]; T. S. Stribling's rich, ironic story of a Tennessee town, BRIGHT METAL [$2.50]; Leonard Nason's three tales of the A. E. F. in THE TOP KICK [$2] . . . All advance reports indicate that Beverley Nichols' THE STAR SPANGLED MANNER [$2.50], with its suave, impudent reports on Big Bill Thompson, Gloria Swanson, and other noted Americans will make the year's smartest book.

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